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Mary E. Ireland

HOMES IN SCHAFHAUSEN

Stories from the Seven Petitions of the
Lord's Prayer

Translated from
The Tenth Edition of the German of Pastor Fries
by
MARY E. IRELAND

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To

Her Valued Friend

MRS. ALLIE L. KUHLMAN,

A faithful helper in Missions and all good works, a lover of little children and young people, and wife of Rev. Luther Kuhlman, D.D., Professor of Biblical Theology in Gettysburg Seminary, this fine story of German home life is affectionately dedicated by

THE TRANSLATOR.

Washington, D. C.



Homes in Schafhausen

CHAPTER I.

A LESSON FROM "HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

The cottage of Dorothy Burmeister, near the village of Schafhausen, was, upon a serene Sunday afternoon in summer, the picture of rural repose.

Nestled under the branches of a great linden tree in a corner of the yard surrounding the church, its hip roof so thickly covered with moss that it resembled a patch of forest sward, its walls, with the exception of windows and doors, covered with ivy, Dorothy's home was neat, quaint, and picturesque.

It faced the church and also the morning sun; at each end were trees bearing choice fruit, and the path to the gate was bordered with flowers.

Visitors to the North Sea village of Schafhausen considered their sojourn incomplete if a call upon Dorothy were omitted. She welcomed all kindly, chatted with them in her parlor, led them through her tiny kitchen to see her garden and her goat, which supplied her with rich milk, and gave them of her fruit and flowers.

Homes in Schafhausen

Young people and children sought her company, and would obey any request of hers to the best of their ability. On Christmas Eve all the children were invited to partake of her red-cheeked apples and home-made gingercakes, and before they left she bade them sing, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men"; and to children and youth she gave as a remembrance sentence, the first petition of the Lord's Prayer. "Hallowed be Thy Name."

When Dorothy, fifty years before, took possession of the cottage, she was a widow of twenty-seven, with one child, a baby boy, and ever since her coming had earned her subsistence by sewing for families in Schafhausen. There were many, also, who craved her help in time of sickness, for she was a skilful nurse, and the kind face of the little woman, and the gentle touch of her hand, brought comfort.

She sold flowers and seeds, which brought her in many pennies, yet no bride was so wealthy, that Dorothy did not present a spray of myrtle, the recipient indulging the sweet hope that what was grown under the care of the aged saint, and under the shadow of the church, would bring a blessing.

In winter her window-garden was fragrant with lilies and other choice plants, and she seemed to understand their needs as fully as if they were gifted with speech.

When there was a Baptism, mother and infant waited in her cottage until the sexton came to say the service was about to commence, and the little one always

bore a rosebud given of her abundance, and above all, her blessing.

When the bell tolled for a funeral, then Dorothy donned her bonnet and followed the procession, and many an humble villager was laid in the place of rest with a rosebud from her garden upon the quiet breast.

Her only living relatives were Elsbeth and Martha, daughters of her son who died when they were children, both employed as assistants in families in the village, and had great love and reverence for their aged grandmother.

One of these sweet Sunday afternoons in summer, Dorothy returned from the usual meeting of the Bible class in the church, and removing her bonnet set about preparing her evening meal of coffee, brown bread, and sweet golden butter, honey, and strawberries.

She wore her Sunday garb, a dark blue jacket clasped with silver buckles, a short skirt of black and white striped worsted, home-knit stockings, and low shoes. Upon her snow-white hair rested a small white cap of thin material, held in position by a band of black ribbon.

Upon the broad window sill lay, wrapped in her white handkerchief, the hymn book presented by her father when she was little more than a child, and in it he had written her girlhood's name, "Dorothy Treuman." Beside it was the bouquet of thyme, pinks, and roses carried to the morning and afternoon services.

A small claw-foot table was moved near the open door, and upon the home-made linen cloth were the

viands, the coffee in an antique silver pot, and the few dishes of old-time delft, but all exquisitely neat and bright.

Nothing disturbed the silence as she sat at the table except the chirping and humming of insects in the grass, and the evening song of birds, and her thoughts reverted to the Bible lesson of the afternoon, wherein the aged pastor asked the class of the connection between the Almighty and His name as given in the first petition.

All had remained silent, and the pastor had looked to Dorothy for answer, and she had given it: "The name of God is to himself as the shadow is to the tree. The name of God should be hallowed; and blessed is he who dwells under the shadow of the Almighty."

She had finished her evening meal, and was sitting under the linden enjoying the mild summer air, when Elsbeth and Martha came and took seats on the rustic bench near her rocking chair.

"I will never sit under the shade of a tree anywhere, grandmother," remarked Elsbeth, "but I will think of your answer in the class this afternoon, that 'the name of the Almighty is to Himself as the shadow is to the tree'; and Martha and I often wonder why you so earnestly impress upon the minds of children, 'Hallowed be thy Name.'"

"All the petitions of that great prayer are equally good," replied Dorothy, after a pause of reflection, "but I have reason to remember that one particularly. It is a long story; sometime I will tell you, but not tonight."

Conversation drifted into other channels, and at their usual time they bade their grandmother good night and went to their homes.

Summer passed, and Elsbeth and Martha came frequently of evenings, and saw her every Sunday in her place in church, and always wondered what she had to tell them, yet never alluded to it, but waited her time.

One cold, stormy winter night she had finished her supper of brown bread, roast apples, and goat's milk, when Elsbeth and Martha came, knitting in hand, to sit the evening.

She welcomed them warmly, and as the three gathered about the lamp upon the table, she said, "I am glad you came this evening, children, for I may not be long with you, and I wish to tell you why I dwell so much upon the first petition, 'Hallowed be Thy Name,' which is the key note of the simple story of my life.

"When I look upon you two dear girls I can scarcely realize that I was once as young, active, rosy, and as full of life as you, but such was the case. Neither did I, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, ever imagine that I should earn my support by the work of my hands.

"My childhood and youth were free from care, I had no trials, nothing to give token that I had a haughty, unforgiving nature, and when our good pastor in my dear old home gave me as a remembrance sentence the words, 'Not unto us, oh Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name, give glory for Thy mercy and truth's sake,' the words, though always remembered, conveyed but

little meaning to my mind until circumstances proved them to be just the words needed.

"I had been received into the church, but was not willing to give up worldly amusements, and although intending to forsake them at some future time, continued to mingle in scenes of gayety, and no company of young people considered itself complete without me.

"Among the large number of youths and maidens of the neighborhood was a young man who was noted for great strength. He could cut down the largest fir-tree without exertion, could row a boat around the small island in a shorter time than any other, could swim from the island to the mainland without exhaustion, could tame the wildest horses, and in no trial of speed or strength could he be vanquished.

"Though rough and boisterous in manner, he had a kind, tender heart, was helpful to old and young, and to his parents the most dutiful and affectionate of sons.

"I was of timid, nervous temperament, and it was a mystery to all that one so impetuous and full of energy as was Ludwig Burmeister fancied me, but so it was, and against the bitter protest of my brother Franz, we were betrothed.

"Franz was envious and jealous of Ludwig, because he could not equal him in outdoor sports—especially in rifle shooting, for Ludwig could pierce an apple through the heart that was thrown up in the air—and he influenced my father against him, and he refused consent to our marriage.

"Perhaps matters might have been different had Ludwig not known of the opposition to him; but, knowing it, he was hasty and commanding when he asked my father for me, and was repulsed with angry, scornful words.

"The effect upon Ludwig was like the floods of early spring, which cause waste and desolation. He was beside himself with anger, and declared that he would marry me without their consent, but with many tears I refused to lose my father's blessing.

"But I could not refuse to see him occasionally secretly; and he declared that if I would not be his wife, he would pass his life as a wild hunter.

"I did not think he meant this until the old dames of the neighborhood whispered to me that he was living the reckless life of a poacher, and keepers of forests were keeping a watch upon him, and more than one hinted to me that I had made a lucky escape. I was silent, but my heart ached, for I knew that if he had been allowed to marry me, he would have settled down to the peaceful contentment of life upon a farm, and I felt keenly the injustice of the censure.

"At length my father died, having given the farm and all his property into the hands of my brother, Franz Treuman, with the understanding that I was not to share it if I married Ludwig; at least that was the message given me by Franz.

"Ludwig and I were married, and he took me to a little home on the edge of the forest, until we could rent

a small farm that suited us, and had lived there happily for several months when a terrible thing happened. A hunter was shot dead in the forest, and as my Ludwig had been seen passing near the spot with a rifle upon his shoulder, they came to our cottage and arrested him.

"Ludwig was a man entirely without fear, and he scorned a lie. He told them that he had shot deer and was willing to pay the penalty, but to take the life of a human being, his God was witness, *that* he had never done; but they dragged him away, leaving me fainting upon the floor. When I recovered it was beginning to grow dusk. I was alone and miserable, and longed for a mother to go to in my trouble, but she had been in her grave many a day.

"The thought of Ludwig's parents whom I had never seen until after my marriage came to my mind, and, putting on shawl and bonnet, I hurried to their cottage, nearly a mile beyond Schafhausen.

"The father sat, the picture of despair, his head sunk upon his breast, as he had been ever since hearing of his son's arrest, and the mother trying in vain to comfort him.

"‘You, too, are in trouble, yet come here to try to console us,’ she said, the first tears she had shed running down her pale cheeks.

"They were kind, and made me entirely welcome, but I felt that they wished to be alone, so returned to my desolate home. As I entered the village I met the pastor, the same we listen to each Sunday. His wife was with

him, a dear, faithful Christian, long since gone to her reward.

"They were both young then, a handsome, stately couple, but tender to the poorest and weakest of their flock, and the wife wept in sympathy for me. They had seen me pass through the village, and having heard of my trouble, they knew that I had gone to the cottage of Ludwig's parents, so had set out to go there.

" 'Dorothy,' said the pastor, 'you remember the words I gave you once when at your father's house, "the name of God must be hallowed": you must do all you can to make Ludwig honor the name of his Father in heaven by confessing the exact truth, and thus unburden his soul of falsehood. Go visit him in his prison cell, and plead with him to confess his crime.'

"I had firm belief that my Ludwig was innocent, but could see that the pastor believed him guilty; but I promised to visit the prison the next day.

" 'In the meantime, dear Dorothy,' said his wife, her kind eyes full of tears, 'it is dreary and lonely for you in the cottage by the forest, come and occupy the one under the Linden in the corner of the church yard. There you will be near the villagers and the church, and us.'

"If anything could have cheered me in that sad hour, it was this evidence that they cared for me and sympathized with me. I knew that the sexton who had occupied this little place had removed to a larger house in the village, and I eagerly accepted the offer to take it rent free, with the privilege of a garden.

"The next day I walked to the town in which was the prison where my poor Ludwig was in confinement. It was a perfect day, the birds singing as if in mockery of my burdened heart, but I toiled on and reached the prison, and was allowed to see my husband in his cell.

"I never imagined that even trouble such as his could make so much change in the powerful and robust man. He was white and haggard, and his eyes showed that he had not slept.

" 'Ludwig,' I cried, clinging in anguish to him, 'I do not ask for oaths or protestations of your innocence, but look at me and tell me can you say, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name" in sincerity of heart, with truthful lips, your hands free from the crime of bloodshed'?

" 'I can,' said he, looking me in the eyes; 'can say it as innocently so far as this murder, or any murder is concerned, as when a child I knelt at my mother's knee.' With a sob of joy I threw myself upon his breast and clasped his neck with my arms. Ludwig was innocent—yes, innocent—though the whole world believed him guilty, and I thanked God for the unspeakable comfort of that assurance, and kissing him in farewell, I went home.

"Next day our few household goods were removed to this cottage, and I sat down to await as patiently as I could the result of the trial of Ludwig.

"It was put off, and he was left to linger in prison, almost ill from anxiety for me, and being debarred from

the fresh air; and the very day my little Ludwig—your father—was born—my husband was sentenced to twenty five years' labor in the penitentiary.

"O, the horror of that terrible sentence to one accustomed to his active life in God's blessed sunshine. He who so loved the fields, the forests, the hills and valleys, the wild waves of the North Sea in a storm, to pass twenty-five of the best years of his life behind iron bars, leaving me to struggle alone. He simply could not live; in two short years his course on earth was finished, and I was a widow."

Dorothy's thoughts were for a little while lost in these bitter recollections, and Elsbeth and Martha did not interrupt them.

"My life was burdened with sorrow," she resumed; my father, mother, and husband were gone, my only brother living upon the farm, and he and his wife estranged from me, and I with a helpless little one upon my hands, and with no prospect of support. If anything could have added to my wretchedness it would have been the knowledge that the parents of Ludwig, through the influence of the wife of Franz, had become prejudiced against me; but I was stunned and dulled to all minor troubles, and lived on in a hopeless, helpless way.

"Had it not been for the care of my little Ludwig, and the visits of our pastor's wife, I think I could not have lived. She helped me in every way; enabled me after a time to take interest in my garden, in flowers, bought a goat for me that I might have good rich milk

for my little Ludwig, influenced the neighbors to aid her in giving me employment, gave me clothing for myself and child, was mother, sister, comforter, friend, such as is seldom found on earth.

"Thus the days passed on. I tried to keep always in remembrance the words of the pastor, 'to dwell in the shadow of the Almighty,' but I could not help feeling bitter against Franz, whose influence I believed had helped condemn Ludwig to a living death.

"One morning a messenger was sent in haste to me; Franz was ill and longed to see me. I went immediately, the messenger informing me on the way that Franz had put off sending for a physician until it was too late, and now nothing could be done for him.

"When I reached his bedside he put out his weak, trembling hand to me, which I refused to touch.

"'Dorothy, my Dorothy,' said he feebly, "you were always a good sister to me. I wish to tell you something and to crave your forgiveness.'

"'Franz,' I interrupted coldly, 'they tell me that you are about to die.'

"'Who says so?' he cried, rising from his pillow; 'surely I will get well'!

"'They say that you neglected sending for a physician until too late; no one can help you now.'

"He seemed dazed at hearing this unexpected news, and sank back almost lifeless.

"'I cannot talk now,' he said, waving me away, 'go into the room with my wife and children until I can recover myself.'

"But I did not obey; I left the room, but it was to go home.

"My thoughts all day were upon Franz, and what he wished to tell me, but I did not go back, but waited for them to send word that he was able to converse. When night came I locked my cottage door and went to rest with my baby beside me, but I could not sleep. My anguish of mind was great that I had not given a word of forgiveness and comfort to my poor brother; and I prayed for morning to come that I might take my little one in my arms and hasten to his bedside. The night seemed without end, and as soon as it was light I arose and dressed, and when I opened my door, a messenger was just coming through the churchyard gate to tell me that Franz had died in the night, and his last wish was to see me.

"I thought that I had already sounded the depths of trouble, but found that I had endured nothing like this. In the bitterness of my remorse, I wrung my hands and wept, and at times sat for hours absorbed in my great grief. At length I could bear it no longer. I arose and went to the parsonage, hoping for comfort from the pastor and his wife.

"It is, as you know, but a short walk to the parsonage, but I was so weak and exhausted when I mounted the steps to the study that I could scarcely speak.

"They received me as tenderly as my own father and mother could have done, and after a time I told them all my bitterness against my only brother, my cruel cold-

ness to him in his hour of distress, and now he was gone, and I could never receive his forgiveness.

"They listened with tears of sympathy in their eyes, then the pastor said: 'Dorothy, Dorothy, have you forgotten "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name be glory and honor"'?"

"Then he proved to me that I had thought only of self, and the honor and respect I wished given me, and because it had been withheld, had refused the dying a comforting word. Had I hallowed the name of my Savior I would have had His humility and been guided by His example, and would have treated my brother with meekness and mercy, and long-suffering and loving kindness and forgiveness. Had I been a true child of God, all this would I have done. This needed reproof given, then he and his sainted wife soothed my bruised heart by words of comfort. They said that the wish of Franz to implore my forgiveness proved his true repentance, and no doubt he had repented of his sin to God and had been forgiven.

"Nothing they could have said comforted me like that, and I arose strengthened, and returned here, and it seemed that a good angel put into my mind a work meet for repentance, and this was the care of the sick. I have gone wherever my help was asked, and in my long life I have watched by many sick beds, and never without giving in God's name all the comfort I could, taking comfort in the firm belief that my sin against my brother had, for Jesus' sake, been forgiven.

Hallowed Be Thy Name

"And now, dear girls, I have told you my reason for always trying to impress the words, 'Hallowed be Thy name,' upon the dear young hearts. You have dwelt with me in the past for a season, and that you, like myself, may have one special thought to strengthen and comfort your hearts, I will repeat some words given me by the pastor's wife: 'A name is written upon my heart that no tongue can speak worthily. So oft as the name of Jesus is heard, so will my heart glow with light and joy and comfort.'"

Dorothy's face was again calm and placid as usual, the smile upon her lips, and her granddaughters bade her an affectionate good night and left for their homes.

The storm had subsided, the clouds had departed, the night was clear, and as Martha and Elsbeth glanced up, they said to each other that the evening reminded them of the life of their loved grandparent, so stormy in the early part of it, so calm and peaceful near its close.

The next morning Dorothy had just finished her frugal breakfast when the little maid-servant at the parsonage came to tell her that the pastor was ailing and wished to see her.

Dorothy locked her cottage door and hurried to the parsonage, where she was met by the old housekeeper who looked very sad.

"He says he is not ill," she whispered, as Dorothy laid aside her bonnet in the large, clean kitchen, "he is only tired and weak. He would not let me send for

any of his parishioners, he only wanted you to sit beside him and wait upon him the little he needs."

The large, desolate rooms, many of them unfurnished, the great oaken clothes presses, and chests dark with age, the long, resounding corridors and broad stairway, seemed more dreary to Dorothy than ever before. The whole house was perfectly silent and almost painfully neat. Not a stray book or paper was to be seen, the brasses shone brilliantly, the windows glistened, the uncarpeted floors were spotless, and the furniture, though old-fashioned, showed no sign of abuse, or even use; while the pictures upon the walls were the same upon which the pastor and his long departed wife had looked when they and Dorothy were in the morning of life, more than half a century before.

A stranger entering the house at most times might be excused for believing it tenantless; not a dog barked, nor cat mewed, the doors swung noiselessly upon their hinges, and when the heavy knocker upon the hall door, which was always closed, sounded, it awoke echoes through the house.

Dorothy went quietly up the broad staircase, and entered the pastor's study. It was a light, pleasant room over the unused parlor, and overlooked the garden. Book-cases reaching half way to the ceiling bounded the four sides, and over them hung portraits of men whose names were honored in the service of God.

All the cheer and comfort lacking in other parts of the house were centered there, making it attractive and homelike.

Remembrances of her early trials passed through the mind of Dorothy as she entered the peaceful room. Here she had stood with anguish in her heart, and here had the pastor and his wife given words of comfort. Tears rushed to her eyes at these remembrances, but she brushed them aside, and passed through another door and stood at the bedside of the aged pastor.

"It is good of you, Dorothy, to come," he said feebly. "I believe that my Father is about to call me home; His will be done. It is a comfort to have you here. You were with my beloved wife in her last hours, and I prayed that when my time came you, and you alone, would be by me, for we have traveled heavenward through many trials—all good and necessary—for many a year."

Dorothy's eyes again filled with tears, but she repressed them; she had come to cheer and comfort. She straightened with deft hand the bed-covering, arranged the pillow more comfortably, then took her knitting from her pocket, and sat down placidly beside him.

"You have led many to the Savior, dear pastor," said she, "that is your comfort now, but why do you think that your time of departure is at hand?"

"Nearly eighty years have passed over my head. Dorothy; I have no pain, no distress, only weakness such as I never experienced."

"But if so, dear pastor, you will arise in newness of life on the other shore."

"Yes, Dorothy, but I wish I could have done more to merit it. I have been but a glimmering torch."

“ ‘The people that walked in darkness have seen great light; they that dwell in the valley and shadow of death upon them hath the light shined.’ ”

Thus at times during the day the two aged ones, beloved of God, strengthened each other with words of heavenly comfort, and at intervals the pastor slumbered, but gained no strength.

Sometimes the inherent humility and distrust of himself would assert itself, and he would murmur: “So many years, so many long years in the vineyard of the Lord, and so little done! I fear, Dorothy, that I have been an unprofitable servant.”

Then would his humble parishioner comfort him with the words with which he had comforted her and others, and the short December day drew to a close, and still Dorothy sat by him.

“A younger pastor will take my place when I am gone; he has my blessing and my prayer that he may do more work for the Master than I have done,” feebly murmured the aged man.

Dorothy could make no reply to this; her heart rebelled at the thought of any other filling the place of him who in winter storm and summer sun had been always faithful to duty.

Toward midnight he dropped into slumber, from which he aroused in great anxiety and restlessness. “I cannot lie still any longer, Dorothy,” he said, “I must sit up; please bring a Bible and read to me.”

Dorothy helped him to rise in bed, and placed a pillow to support him, then reached for a Testament which lay on a stand near him.

"No, Dorothy, I wish to hear the ninety-first Psalm, the Bible is on my study table."

She went immediately, but no Bible was there, the housekeeper having put all to rights, not leaving a paper or book, the absence of the pastor from the study giving her this opportunity.

Dorothy ran her eyes over the shelves, and finding a Bible hurried back and began to read:

"'He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'"

At the moment she had opened the book, a slip of paper which marked the Psalm had fallen out and rested upon the bed, and the pastor held it until the reading was finished, then his eyes rested upon the slip and he fell back unconscious.

Dorothy bathed his face and wrists in cold water, and in a few minutes he revived. He placed the slip of paper in her hand, signifying that she was to read it, and with pale lips she read aloud: "I saw Franz Treuman shoot the hunter in the forest; it was an accident. Ludwig Burmeister was innocent, and may God forgive me for keeping silent."

"And may God forgive me for believing poor Ludwig guilty," said the pastor. "I know the man whose signature is to that note; he was a forester, and a person of the strictest truth. He spent his last days in the

almshouse; I loaned him that Bible; after his death it was returned to me and put upon the shelf where you found it."

It seemed that the pastor had only revived that this act of justice should be done. He sank rapidly, and with a prayer that all might hallow the name of God and dwell under the shadow of the Almighty, he sank peacefully to his rest.

Dorothy knelt by his silent form until the beams of the morning sun shone into the study windows, then she summoned housekeeper and maid and returned to her home under the linden. To no one except Elsbeth and Martha did she tell the sequel of the story. Franz and Ludwig had passed over the river; nothing said of them by those left upon earth could harm or help them more.

The aged pastor was scarcely laid in the churchyard when a great change came to the once silent parsonage. Workmen pounded and hammered, footsteps were on the broad oak staircase, voices of old and young were heard in the echoing rooms. The parsonage was being remodeled and refurnished for the young pastor who was to succeed.

When his first sermon was preached the Schafhausen church was filled to overflowing, and Dorothy was in her wonted seat near the pulpit. Many voices were raised in praise of the young pastor, some were silent, and among the latter was Dorothy. She said, when questioned, that she must wait until she became accustomed

to the new ways before she could have a right to an opinion; but no word of dissatisfaction passed her lips.

When he made his first pastoral visits the cottage under the linden was not forgotten, and the young servant of God and the most aged one under his charge had sweet converse, the theme being the one who had passed away.

"Thank God!" said Dorothy to herself after he left her to return to the parsonage, "the fountain is the same, and the young pastor will prove to be a clear, pure stream, refreshing many souls."

"Thank God!" thought the young pastor, "that this aged pilgrim has been spared to me. She is in His hands like the staff of Moses; let me sit at her feet and learn."

Dorothy failed rapidly after the death of the old pastor, and Elsbeth came to take care of her and the cottage; and everyone in the neighborhood was eager to be of service, no one more so than the young pastor.

He visited her daily, and to her simple, earnest piety, her long, ripened experience, her childlike faith and submission he felt himself indebted for many lessons useful in his ministry.

As she had remained with the aged pastor his last night upon earth, so the new incumbent remained with her, and when morning came the beams of the rising sun illumined the peaceful face of the dead.

No larger funeral ever assembled in God's acre belonging to Schafhausen than that of Dorothy Burmeister, and all spoke of the manner in which the young pastor

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conducted the service, so like him who had preceded him ; his text, by request of Dorothy, being , "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name be honor and glory for Thy mercy and truth's sake."

CHAPTER II.

A LESSON FROM "THY KINGDOM COME."

One bright afternoon in early spring, a heavy wagon was seen coming slowly up the one street of Schafhausen.

It was but a short time after the installation of the young pastor, and as he gazed upon it from the window of his study, the thought came to his mind, "Here we have no abiding place, but seek for one."

The wagon contained all the worldly possessions of the new schoolmaster of Schafhausen, Herr Johannes Friedman. He and his wife, Louise, were married a few days before in a neighboring village where her parents resided.

It passed the church and the cottage occupied for so many years by Dorothy, and stopped at the village schoolhouse, in the door of which stood the young couple, and about it a group of children eyeing the proceedings with interest.

Although the building had but few rooms, it was also the dwelling of the schoolmaster of Schafhausen, the largest being used for the school, which left but a sitting-room and bedroom adjoining and a very small kitchen. But the new incumbents were happy in each other, and in having secured the position, and welcomed

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the arrival of the wagon with satisfied smiles, and nods of content that it had arrived safely and in good time.

When all the different articles which had been provided with loving care by the parents of Louise had been placed in their respective places, the schoolmaster took hammer in hand, and drove hooks in the walls of their sitting-room for their pictures, and when they were in position the young couple felt more at home.

Louise in the meantime was preparing the evening meal, having an abundance of well cooked food provided by her mother, only requiring some hot coffee to make it complete, and which she had ready by the time Herr Friedman was relieved of his pleasant task of arranging the furniture of the sitting-room.

When the first meal in their new home was enjoyed with grateful hearts, Herr Friedman went to the parsonage to make the acquaintance of the pastor, and to learn something of the people of Schafhausen, who were strangers to him.

He was warmly welcomed by the pastor, who gave him all the information he could in regard to the neighborhood, in which he as yet was somewhat a stranger. As the conversation proceeded, his admiration grew for the courteous and intellectual young man, feeling that in him he had found a helper and friend, and the feeling was reciprocated.

"There is one duty," remarked the pastor, "which appears to be incumbent upon the schoolmaster of Schafhausen, and that is to ring the church bell at six o'clock

on Saturday evenings. You will not be troubled to keep the key, as Samuel, the aged father of the sexton, goes there each evening of that day to attend to the clock in the tower."

"This is Saturday and it must be nearly six o'clock," said the schoolmaster, and bidding the pastor a friendly good-by, went to the church, and ascended the belfry steps that he might be on hand at the exact stroke of six.

The duty of ringing the bell was never more faithfully performed, for as stroke after stroke fell upon the still air, workmen in the fields looked toward the church tower in surprise, and the pastor in his study congratulated himself that the ringer was one who did not grudge time to a public duty, although no compensation attended it, and that the blessed Sabbath had been announced in a fitting manner.

This duty done, Johannes Friedman took a survey of the country about him as seen from the church tower, and it pleased him well. In the distance lay the calm waters of the North Sea with its islands, and that beautiful evening the fields were green and moist, the air soft and balmy, the sky cloudless, earth looking fresh as if newly created.

"Thy kingdom come," thought he, "not only to my own heart but to the hearts of all Thy creatures."

In the evening the young couple sat by their fireside, weary with the exertions of the day, but happy and grateful for their home.

The young husband folded some sheets of paper into a blank book, and wrote upon the cover, "Account book of the schoolmaster of Schafhausen," and under it, "No debts." He passed it with a smile into the hand of his wife, who also smiled while signifying acquiescence.

At the next morning's service the pastor was doubly pleased with the new schoolmaster, whom he found to be a cultured musician, with a fine voice, and when he heard his masterly performance upon the organ during the absence for the day of the organist, he rejoiced that the church, the neighborhood, and himself had found a helper in Johannes Friedman.

School commenced the next morning, and Herr Friedman looked for the first time upon forty new faces, the lines of the poet being verified, "The moon looks on many brooks, the brook sees but one moon," for the children gazed long and earnestly upon him, as if trying to discern through the aid of vision what manner of man he was.

"Thorns and thistles you will find among them," had been the pastor's remark, when Herr Friedman asked in regard to them, "but with God on your side you cannot fail."

The school was some time in coming to order, and he noticed some rebellious faces among them, so laid his plans accordingly. It had always been his custom to open the school each morning with prayer, followed by a hymn; that morning he reversed it, and when "How shines for us the morning stars," arose in his grand voice,

the children, after the first surprise at the innovation, joined in and sang to the end.

He had won the hearts of the most pliant of the children by his musical ability, and their influence was felt by the others. Perfect silence reigned during the prayer that followed, and the business of the day commenced with a few words of religious instruction.

"How many children here can tell me the second petition of the Lord's Prayer?" he asked.

There was no response; the children looked from him to their schoolmates.

"Can no one tell me the second petition?"

"Thy kingdom come!" said a piping little voice from a distant corner of the schoolroom—that of a small girl.

Herr Friedman's face brightened with pleasure, and he was encouraged to ask another.

"Who can tell me what that sentence means?"

This time it was a poorly dressed boy that answered: "God's kingdom could come upon earth without our prayers, but we pray in this petition that it may come to us individually."

Herr Friedman knew by that answer that the boy had been under the instruction of some cultivated, spiritual-minded teacher, and he was right; both children had been helpers of Dorothy Burmeister, and the faithful care she had given them was bearing fruit.

"I would like the names of the good and brave children who answered these questions so well," he said.

"Goat Gretchen! Goat Gretchen! etsch, etsch, etsch! Sack Fritz! Sack Fritz! bah, bah, bah!" cried a chorus of voices in every tone of mockery and derision.

The two children thus designated bore this explanation with stoicism—they appeared to be accustomed to it—and looked at the teacher as if saying, "you know now who we are, so there is no need of questioning further," while he, returning their glances, saw that both had flaxen hair, blue eyes, pug noses, faces round as globes, and innocent countenances.

The boy's homespun linen trousers were held by one suspender, and he was without a jacket, stockings, or shoes; the girl was clothed quite as sparsely, but both were cheery and contented.

When noon came, Herr Friedman asked them to remain that he might have some conversation with them, and noticing that each had but a crust of brown bread for their lunch, he invited them to come into the dwelling part of the house and take dinner with him and his Louise. The eyes of the children beamed with delight, and they accepted without delay.

"Here are our first guests," said he, as he ushered them into the sitting-room.

Frau Friedman looked with some anxiety upon the table, upon which she had placed food but for two.

"It will be enough," smiled her husband, reading her thoughts, "we shall all eat and be satisfied," and both felt that they had done a kindness when they saw with what keen enjoyment the children shared the viands.

"Now tell me, Gretchen, why the children call you 'Goat Gretchen'?" asked the schoomaster.

"Because my father has the care of all the goats about Schafhausen, and I watch them in autumn when they go out to pasture on the hills."

"How did you get the name of 'Sack Fritz'?" he asked of the boy.

"Because the farmers allow me to glean grain and vegetables, and I take a sack to carry the things home. And once when I was far from home and night came on, I crept with my sack into an oven where fruit had been dried, and it was so good and warm in there, that I slept until morning, and the farmer's family gave me the name of 'Sack Fritz.'"

The heart of Herr Friedman went out in loving sympathy to these poor children, and the words of the Savior, "Who receiveth these little ones receiveth me," passed through his mind. He resolved that the good seed sown in their hearts by the aged pastor and Dorothy should not perish through his neglect.

As it was yet half an hour before school for the afternoon session would be called, he sat down to read and allowed the children to go into the yard where the cow was kept.

They had been out but a few minutes when Louise came and beckoned to her husband to come to the window. Flat on his back under the cow was Fritz, milking the rich fluid so accurately in his mouth that not a drop was lost.

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With hasty steps Herr Friedman left the room, and grasping the boy by the arm dragged him forth, Gretchen looking on in dismay.

He was angry, and disappointed in his new pupils. "Do you know," said he sternly, "that the name of that offense is stealing, and that doing it secretly added to the meanness of it?"

Neither Fritz nor Gretchen replied, but stared up at him with wide open eyes.

"Promise me that you will never act that way again, or I cannot invite you here."

"No," said Fritz, slowly, "you were so good to us, that I did not know that you would care."

The schoolmaster glanced at his wife in amusement, and she returned his smile with interest, while Fritz and Gretchen looked at each other and him in profound dejection.

When school was over for the day, Herr Friedman and Louise went to the neglected garden to commence putting it in order for planting.

They had worked busily for an hour, and had seated themselves upon a bench to rest, when the garden gate opened hastily, and a large, pompous looking man strode toward them. He wore a suit of fine cloth, a heavy gold chain with many seals dangled from his vest and his fat hand toyed with them, thus displaying a ring of price upon his little finger.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked in a loud, excited voice, and shaking his fist in the face of the aston-

ished schoolmaster. "I am the well-known Herr Max Konig, merchant; the richest man in Schafhausen, and I come to tell you that if you treat my boy Karl with such disrespect as you did today, I will make it hot for you in Schafhausen. He is the smartest boy in school, and he tells me that you allowed that beggarly Sack Fritz to go above him, and he says he will not come to school another day."

Frau Friedman had arisen pale with affright, but a glance from her husband reassured her, and she resumed her seat.

"I am always glad, Herr Konig, to make the acquaintance of the parents of my pupils," said the schoolmaster, courteously offering his hand. "Take a seat upon the bench with us. It is more pleasant here than in the house this fine evening. My wife and I were just wishing that someone who understood gardening would pay us a call, and no doubt you are the very person who can aid us by your experience."

"The richest man in Schafhausen" was completely bewildered by this calm and polite reception, and took a seat mechanically, fanning his heated face with his broad hat, and mopping it with his handkerchief. Frau Friedman brought him a glass of cold water, which, in order to give himself time to recover, he drained to the last drop.

Herr Konig believed that his knowledge upon every known subject could not be gainsaid, that when he said a thing was right it was right, and when he said it was

wrong, it was wrong. He was also under the impression that his portly and distinguished appearance commanded respect, and though not quite reconciled that the schoolmaster was not overwhelmed by his rebuke, he considered while drinking the water, that no doubt he had heard of him before coming to Schafhausen, therefore, knowing him to be a great man, knew better than to contradict him.

To do Herr Konig justice, he was an experienced and thorough horticulturist. It was a hobby with him, and he was soon engaged in the agreeable task of giving information. Herr Friedman and his wife listened with gratifying attention, and thanked him sincerely, to which he listened with a benign and condescending air. Refreshed and soothed by his visit to well-bred and agreeable people, Herr Konig rose to leave, cordially inviting his new neighbors to visit him, and then disappeared through the gate with ponderous state, the grievances of the "smartest boy in school" having been forgotten, through the kindness of his entertainers.

For several weeks the new schoolmaster had a trying time, owing to the inefficiency of former teachers, but by patience and unvarying kindness and courtesy, he won the attention and respect of even the most lawless, and the interference in his management by the parents ceased.

Matters were progressing finely when there came a time of trial and terror to the people of Schafhausen. A fire broke out in the village grocery, a stiff breeze was blowing toward them from the North Sea, and before it could be mastered, over twenty families were homeless

and without food and clothing. Then it was that the young pastor, and the younger schoolmaster proved what they could be in time of trouble. Herr Friedman won an abiding place in the hearts of the people, for at the risk of his life he had saved that of a cottager's child, and in every dwelling there were words of praise and gratitude for good deeds he had done.

The pastor, too, had not only assisted with his own hands, but like the schoolmaster, robbed himself to give relief, and when night came the homeless ones had shelter and all the comfort possible. This was not without its effect upon the neighborhood, and when the Sunday came, many listened to him who seldom entered the door of a church.

This time of trial had not been without its lesson, and the pastor used it to impress upon them the need of laying up treasures in heaven, which would never be destroyed by moth, nor rust, fire, nor floods.

There was a great spiritual awakening in the neighborhood, and the schoolmaster worked hand in hand with the pastor, striving to interest his pupils in the sweet stories of the Bible. They listened when Gretchen, by request of the schoolmaster, told in her simple manner the story of Joseph and his brethren, and others in the Old and New Testament, for to those who did not attend Sunday school they were entirely new.

Autumn came, and Fritz and Gretchen left school to follow their occupations, and were much missed by Herr Friedman.

"I wonder why Gretchen stays out so long," said her mother one evening, after the child had for several weeks attended the goats at pasture; "some of her flock must have given her trouble by running away."

"Fritz is coming," said one of the little ones, "he will go and help Gretchen home."

The mother went hurriedly to meet him, and relieving his shoulders of the sack, she placed a piece of brown bread in his hand, and begged him to go in search of Gretchen, for night was coming on and the mother was growing terribly anxious. The boy was weary from his long walk, but he went more than willingly, and in a short time came running back trembling with excitement. He had found Gretchen lying at the foot of a rock, silent and motionless, and pale as if dead.

The father coming in at that moment from his daily work, he and the mother hurried to the scene of the accident, guided by Fritz. They found that, having fallen from the rock and broken a limb, she had fainted from pain, and the father took her tenderly in his arms, the mother walking beside him and weeping bitterly. As soon as they reached the cottage, Fritz ran for the village physician who came, bringing the schoolmaster with him.

Gretchen had not spoken since coming home, but when Herr Friedman took her hand and spoke to her, she opened her eyes and glanced up to his sad face.

"I can never come to school any more; I can never walk again," she said, while two tears rolled from under the closed lids.

"Oh, yes, I have known several children who had limbs broken, and all were well in a few weeks," he replied cheerfully.

But upon examination the injury was found to be greater than at first suspected; Gretchen's spine was hurt, and the possibility was that she would never walk again. She bore with great patience the setting and bandaging of the broken limb, grateful that she was made as comfortable as possible.

From that day the whole neighborhood became interested in the cottage in which was the afflicted Gretchen, young and old glad to do her service. Children came in groups and singly, they saved their pennies to buy luxuries for her, and the best that housewives had in their store rooms found its way to the cottage.

The pastor and schoolmaster read to her and conversed with her, and her mind expanded and grew rich in thought and expression from the literature they brought her, and she in turn benefited others with the knowledge acquired.

Thus the years passed on, and it almost seemed that the mantle of Dorothy Burmeister had fallen upon Gretchen, for young people came to her in their trials and pleasures, as they had gone to Dorothy. The kingdom of heaven had come to her heart, and children learned patience and gentleness of her, the roughest among them growing unselfish and helpful in her pure presence, and older persons went away strengthened by the perfect faith and trust of the helpless girl.

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Upon the school of Schafhausen rested the blessing of God. The pastor's Bible class grew larger each year, most of the members being pupils of Johannes Friedman's school, and came to the pastor's class well instructed in divine knowledge.

Fritz had grown into a tall, well developed boy of fifteen, and well advanced in his studies. The refined ways of Herr Friedman were not lost upon his pupils; by precept and example he had striven to teach them many things not found in their school books, endeavoring to make them capable of filling usefully their place in the world, and above all, to bring the kingdom of heaven into their hearts. Now the great longing of Fritz was to be a missionary, and the wish was encouraged by Gretchen.

Upon the day of his first Communion, he confided this wish to the pastor, as he had long before confided it to Herr Friedman, and asked him to intercede for permission from his parents, who were opposed to his going, and this the pastor agreed to do. There was no one in Schafhausen who was more benefited by the society of the schoolmaster than Herr Konig. Always liberal, he was influenced by Herr Friedman to use his money where it would do most good; he had become one of the best supporters of the church, of which he was a consistent member, was a just and progressive citizen, and had lost much of his pompous manner. Among his many acquirements was a knowledge of art, at least enough to make him interest himself to assist struggling talent. He had discovered genius in Fritz, who, without any instruction,

had frescoed the walls of Herr Konig's library so beautifully that an artist from Frankfort had declared himself willing to take the boy into his studio as a pupil, Herr Konig being eager to pay all expenses, and believing that Fritz would be a great artist.

For this reason the parents looked upon the missionary project with disfavor; they could not as yet be influenced by the pastor, but listened eagerly to Herr Konig's prophecies that the boy would be a great artist, and rich returns would follow if his life were devoted to art.

Fritz went to the schoolmaster for advice; he desired to obey the wishes of his parents, he loved art, and believed he would be a successful artist, but his heart was set upon being a missionary.

"Do the duty nearest you, dear Fritz," said the schoolmaster, taking his hand; "obey your parents, follow their wishes, and if God intends you to be a missionary, he will remove all hindrances, and open the way for you."

"That is just what Gretchen says," commented Fritz, with beaming eyes, "she is praying that a way may be opened, and that father and mother may give free and glad consent."

So Fritz went to Frankfort and became a pupil of the noted artist, where he remained three years. His marked talent was recognized, and his paintings were in demand at high prices. Gretchen had luxuries of which she had never dreamed; the parents' burdens with their

younger children were lightened, and the neighbors who had been so kind to Gretchen, denying themselves to help her, were not forgotten.

At length consent was given that he might follow out his longing for a life work, and he left Frankfort in order to prepare himself for it.

Many consultations were held with his beloved schoolmaster and pastor, many letters written, then the mission house was opened to Fritz for a three years' course of study in preparation for his life work.

During his studies of different languages and other duties, he used some of his hours of recreation in painting a picture as a parting gift to his beloved schoolmaster. It was a fine representation of the neighborhood of Schafhausen, the village in the distance. On a hill overlooking the valley in which it nestled, a flock of goats were grazing, and at the foot of a linden, a girl with a shepherd's crook in her hand was gazing at a lark soaring heavenward. It was a lifelike portrait of Gretchen, and with tears of joy the schoolmaster and his wife received it as a memento of him, and of the faithful young Christian whose life was a benediction to the people of Schafhausen, bearing testimony of the blessedness of the kingdom of heaven in the hearts of God's children.

CHAPTER III.

A LESSON FROM "THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS
DONE IN HEAVEN."

One of the homes which was distant enough from Schafhausen to escape the ravages of the fiery element, was a mill on one of the banks of the stream which flowed past the village.

It was owned and occupied by the miller, Hans Harbst, and was one of the very oldest buildings in the neighborhood.

Its walls were of stone, massive and strong, its great water wheel was sound, though moss grown, and the whole place gave token that it was a relic of past times.

It was shaded by alders and willows, the gnarled roots of which projected over the banks of the stream and were reflected in the clear waters; and back of it were several tall trees.

Strangers in Shafhausen were captivated by the romantic appearance of the ancient mill. Artists copied it upon canvas, poets sung of it, and world-weary souls who only judged by outside appearances, looked upon it as a haven of rest to those so blessed as to possess it.

But it was only outwardly that it was the home of quietude and peaceful repose, when the huge wheel

rested. It was during those very hours that anger and strife ruled between the miller and his evil associates; quarrels which sometimes laid one or more of the combatants upon the floor of the old mill, followed by partings in anger and mutterings of revenge, only to meet perhaps the next evening to go through the same wretched scene of intemperance and strife.

Part of the first, and part of the second, floors of the mill were used as a dwelling by Hans Harbst, his wife, his son, and the aged father of Frau Harbst.

In the corridor over the sitting room sat of evenings the miller and his son, in company of a gamekeeper who had a cabin in a forest belonging to Baron von Hartenstein.

These men did not meet for the purpose of culture, or improvement of their own moral or spiritual condition, or that of their fellow-creatures; or in any way advance any public or private good.

They met to play cards, and to cheat each other if they could, to swear and quarrel until the meek wife and daughter in the room below clasped their hands in anguish, fearing that some terrible crime would follow, and would sink upon their knees in supplication to their Father in heaven for help and protection from evil to those whom they loved, notwithstanding their wickedness.

One evening the three men were, as usual, deep in their game of chance, silent and absorbed; Hans and his son, Conrad, in league against the gamekeeper.

Father and son bore a striking resemblance to each other. Both had short, black hair, black eyes, florid complexion, strong, white teeth, and stooping shoulders, and both were rough in speech and manner. The son wore a red neckerchief loosely knotted about his throat, which gave him the appearance of a highwayman, and his laugh had no merriment in it, but a taunting, satirical sound, not pleasant to hear.

"Gamburger, you are at your old game of cheating!" cried the miller, throwing his cards down angrily, and the son with an oath sprang to his feet.

"Hans Harbst," said the gamekeeper insolently, "I have always told you that you are too hot-headed to play cards; you are not fit to be a gambler. I suppose your women folks have been nagging at you in their pious way, and you are worried and nervous. If you wish, we will stop now and begin tomorrow evening where we left off, and you can pay me my winnings from the two games we have just played."

"No, we will finish this game," replied Hans, as Conrad resumed his seat at the table, "and if we see you again trying to cheat,"—a muttered threat completed the sentence, and soon the three were deep in the game.

The women folks to whom the gamekeeper alluded were the wife and daughter of Hans Harbst, and to make their acquaintance we must descend the narrow winding steps to the sitting room where they and the aged grandfather were seated about a table.

But oh, how different was the group from that overhead, who reminded one of Korah, Dathon, and Abiram in the pit of sin, while this was like Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego in the furnace of affliction, in being compelled to witness the wickedness going on about them, yet unscathed and untarnished, because God was with them.

Looking at the miller's wife one would wonder how it was that the lamb was mated with the wolf, the light with darkness, the child of God with one whose feet were in the broad path that leads to destruction.

But God's sun shines upon the just and the unjust, and her tried heart took comfort in the thought that there is a God over all. She had faith in the belief that the time would come, in answer to her prayer, when light would be shed into her husband's darkened soul, and because of this hope and faith she bore the trial which only this trust in her Heavenly Father gave her power to endure. Her Saviour had died for just such people as were her husband and her son, and she would strive by a godly life to lead them from the error of their ways.

As with the mother, so with the daughter who sat evening after evening listening to the strife above, or if not that, the dead silence which gave token of the absorbed interest in the game.

They grieved, moreover, that the aged grandfather's last days must be shadowed by this great anxiety, for his heart ached because of the sorrow of his only daughter, the miller's wife.

But he took up his cross and bore it as cheerfully as he could, his burdened heart resting upon the remembrance of the words of his Redeemer "In the world ye have trouble, but be comforted, I have overcome the world." So the weary eyes and sad heart received new strength through the quiet watches of the night, and he took up each morning the cares of a new day with patience, "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

One evening the three were sitting there as usual, and their thoughts and conversation were of the past. The day had been the anniversary of the birthday of two sons of the house who had died within a short time of each other several years before.

The grandfather had been speaking of the goodness of the dear boys—William and Barthol—and with tears recalled their many acts of kindness to him. How that once when he was in the forest and was caught in a storm, Barthol had taken off his coat and wrapped it about his grandfather, and every night both boys came to his bedside before seeking their own place of rest, to see that he was comfortable, and needed nothing. He recalled, also, that when they discussed the Scriptures, William always chose David as his hero, and Barthol chose Gideon.

"Yes," he added after these reminiscences, "the dear boys pleased the Lord well, and He took them from the sins and troubles of the world."

The sister, Lora, recalled many acts of kindness of the dear brothers so early called home, and the mother

spoke of their unselfishness in their illness, urging her to give her company and attention to the other rather than himself, and spoke of the conversation each had with her in the still hours of the night, sometimes relating to her their feverish dreams. Once, when every one in the old mill was wrapped in slumber but herself, Barthol awoke from a refreshing sleep and told her a dream:

"I thought, dear mother, that I was climbing a tall pine tree in the forest, as I have done many times, and when I was not half way up, I found that some one was cutting it down close to the ground, and something impelled me to go higher and higher. As I climbed, the limbs below me kept dropping from the tree, and I was forced to the very top, expecting every moment the tree to fall. At length I felt it moving, and I with it, slow at first, then faster and faster; and then, mother, a strong pair of arms were reached out and I was saved. Dear mother, you have always taught me that there is nothing in dreams, and my reason tells me there is not, but I cannot help feeling a thrill of joy to know that I was saved."

Tears ran down the pale cheeks of the mother as she recalled these things, and Lora and the grandfather wept in sympathy, not so much for the trials of the past, for the dear boys were above and beyond earth's sorrows, but for the trials of the present.

"Barthol was such a light-hearted, happy boy," continued Frau Harbst. "He faced death cheerfully and

willingly, because his Saviour was with him. William was a thoughtful, earnest boy, and when told that his brother was gone, he said, 'Barthol is gone and I must follow,' but when he saw my grief he said no more. His heart was heavy over the miserable doings which he was powerless to help."

"But we are not without hope, daughter," said the old man. "You remember that William had a long talk with his father, and begged him to forsake his evil ways and meet him and Barthol in heaven."

"Yes, I remember it, dear father; and his father would not reply, and could not be persuaded to enter the sick room again, yet I know that the loss of the dear boys went to his heart, although he never mentions their names."

"Let us hope for the best," daughter," said the old man soothingly; "God's ways are not as our ways, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

The mother grieved for the loss of the two noble boys, but found by experience that a living trouble was far more difficult to bear; her anxiety for Conrad being past expression.

Hans Harbst had said that the mother and grandfather had the training of Barthol and William, and he intended having the training of Conrad; so he was encouraged to hunt and shoot with the gamekeeper, to drink, play cards, and use profane language, and now, though scarcely beyond boyhood, was as fond of intoxi-

cants as was his father, and as wild and rough and lawless as either he or the gamekeeper.

There was also another trouble which Frau Harbst, the grandfather, and Lora talked of when together, and which they had also to bear with patience, but not with submission.

Gamburger had set his mind upon Lora for a wife; not for love of her, but that he might get a share of Hans Harbst's money as her portion.

He had won the miller over to his way of thinking by speaking of the good salary which the Baron von Hartenstein allowed him for his services, of his comfortable dwelling in the forest, and of the cows and other property belonging to him.

That he was a godless wretch, with no sense of honor or honesty, that he shot and sold many animals for his own profit of which the baron knew nothing, that he was a Sabbath breaker, dissipated, and ill-tempered, counted for nothing with the miller. Gamburger suited him, and he resolved that Lora should be his wife.

Frau Harbst was by nature gentle and timid, but she was determined to protect her innocent young daughter from uniting herself with an unbeliever, and one with whose nature she could have no affinity. She evinced so much spirit that Hans was silenced, and gave up the idea for a time, through showing his resentment at being thwarted in his plans.

The grandfather had grown too feeble to walk to church in Schafhausen, but Frau Harbst and Lora were

never absent until after the miller's disappointment in regard to Gamburger. Then he discovered that dinner was necessarily an hour later, and raised such a storm because of it, that Frau Harbst could not allow her father to be made nervous from fright at his violence, so remained with him, and Lora went alone. But the three felt it a blessed privilege that even one could go and hear something that would be a comfort to all.

One Sunday evening late in the autumn, Frau Harbst sat up waiting for Conrad who she knew was at a saloon in a neighboring village.

He had before going asked for money, which she refused to give him, for it was not only the card-playing and the drinking that she feared, but she knew that when under the influence of liquor he was quarrelsome, and she always feared that some evil would befall him, or to others through him.

He at first begged and coaxed, then, when finding she would not give him the money, he wrested the key from her, unlocked the strong box, and helped himself.

The clock struck eleven and there was no sign of Conrad returning, and Frau Harbst grew so anxious that she could sit still no longer, but going to the window that looked toward the forest, she gazed out upon the silent night.

The moon had risen and was shedding its solemn light behind the willows which bounded the stream, the soft night wind whispered and sighed through the lin-

dens, an owl flew screeching through the tree-tops in the distance, then all was still.

She was about to leave the window and resume her solitary vigil by the hearth, when she heard swift, yet stealthily, footsteps in the shadow of the trees.

Could it be Conrad? Why was he fleeing as if pursued?

It was Conrad, without a hat, his black hair damp with the dews of night, his eyes wild, his clothing torn, his hands red with blood.

"I must away, away," he cried, dashing into the room where she stood; "they are on my track, they will come here to search for me; mother, give me money and let me fly for my life."

From fright and anguish, Frau Harbst was powerless to comply. She could only gaze in dazed terror at the blood-stained hands; no words came from her pallid lips.

"What is the matter?" cried Hans Harbst, appearing at the door which opened into one of the bed-rooms, and Lora hurried from a room above, and clasped the poor mother in her strong young arms.

"A man fought me, and I have killed him," said Conrad excitedly.

"Is he dead, are you sure he is really dead?" asked the miller hastily.

Conrad nodded in the affirmative, and the miller ran to the chest, and taking a roll of bills from it, thrust it into the hands of his son.

"Now away, away!" said he, grasping Conrad by the arm to hurry him; "run through the forest until you come to the road leading to Hamburg; take that road and you will reach the station, and by daylight you will be in Hamburg, where you can take a steamer for America."

"Conrad, don't go," called the grandfather from his bed in the room adjoining; "if you have committed a sin, remain and take your punishment. 'Revenge is Mine, saith the Lord, I will repay;' be sure your sin will find you out."

Frau Harbst was in the anguish of doubt as to what was right for Conrad to do, and throwing herself upon her knees, she cried, "What is Thy will, oh God, let it be done on earth as it is in heaven!"

"He must remain and take the punishment he deserves; that is God's will and way," cried the old man.

Hans Harbst and Conrad had not paid a moment's attention to what either had said. Instead, the father was hastily and excitedly employed in washing the blood from his son's hands and clothing; then throwing a cloak about him, bade him flee for his life.

At that moment voices were heard whispering about the old mill; at a sign from Hans Harbst, the mother extinguished the light, and all waited in anxious silence.

"It is too late," whispered the miller, with white lips, and grasping the hand of Conrad, he hurried with him up the narrow steps that led to Lora's room, directly

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over the mill-wheel, and at that moment there was a heavy knock upon the large double door of the mill.

"Go, Margaretha," said the old man, "they are messengers of the law; go and open the door to them."

She obeyed, and as the officers were filing into the room, and waiting for her to light the lamp, Conrad was descending by way of the mill-wheel to the ground and making his escape.

"Your son has been engaged in a quarrel, and we have come to make inquiry of him," explained one of the men who sincerely pitied the mother and daughter who, pale with fright, could scarcely speak.

"Is your son here?" he asked, "is he here, in this mill?"

"He was here, and is gone; I do not know where," she replied, and the officers could not but respect her integrity.

The old mill was thoroughly searched, not a spot was left unvisited, but Conrad was not to be found. They examined the willows and alders upon the banks of the mill stream, and the thicket back of the mill, without result.

As soon as they left, Frau Harbst sank into a chair and covered her pale face with her trembling hands; but there was no weeping, she was in too deep grief to have at her command that great relief to an overtried heart.

The grandfather in the meantime had arisen and dressed, and came out to comfort his daughter. He took

her hands in his and laid her head against his breast. There they sat a long time in silence.

"Rachel wept for her children and would not be comforted," said he at length; "God often lays burdens upon us, but He also helps us to bear them."

Frau Harbst put her arms about her father's neck and wept and sobbed nervously.

"Weep, my daughter, it will relieve your troubled heart; I longed to see your tears," said he feebly.

The sound of his voice aroused Frau Harbst from her own sorrows, and she strove to comfort him.

"Dear father," said she, rising and taking his arm, "you will take cold coming from your warm bed; go back to it and I will bring you a cup of hot tea. Don't grieve for me; I can bear all things if my son is not a murderer, and something tells me that the man will live."

"Let us pray to God to give us this great comfort if it be His holy will," and kneeling, he prayed that the man's life be spared, and then he crept back to bed shivering in every limb.

Frau Harbst brought him a soothing cup of tea, and wrapped his cold feet in the soft blanket, kissed his forehead, and left him to repose.

Then she and Lora tried to comfort each other, talking in low tones, remaining in the sitting room until the beams of the rising sun gave token that it was time for the miller to rise, then both set about their usual morning duties.

Hans Harbst ate his breakfast in moody silence, and as soon as it was finished he left the mill and was gone several hours. When he returned he was in a violent state of anger against Gamburger, who had taken part against Conrad in the quarrel which had led to such evil results.

He was bitter in his denunciations of the man who the day before he had declared should be his son-in-law, and vowed with an oath that the gamekeeper should never again cross the doorstep of the mill.

Lora, in her room overhead, heard this with deep joy, and kneeling she thank God who had delivered her from this great evil.

The man who had been wounded by Conrad was a day-laborer, and had a wife and two little children depending upon his earnings.

The kind heart of Frau Harbst throbbed with pity for them, and she resolved to go that morning to visit them, and see for herself if the man yet lived, and if so, to what extent he was injured, and to be all the help to his family that was in her power.

She went with a well-filled basket of good and nourishing things to eat, and a roll of old linen for bandages.

"Only pray that I may find him alive," she said to Lora who stood in the mill door to watch her departure and also to watch that Hans Harbst would not see her and prevent her going.

It was a long walk to the wounded man's cottage, and Frau Harbst had not only passed a sleepless night, but one filled with fright and anxiety; but the God in whom she trusted gave her strength to do her duty.

It was indeed a sad scene upon which she looked when the door of the cottage opened to her touch and she went quietly in.

The wounded man, pale as death, and with closed eyes, lay upon a poor bed, his wife by his side with an infant in her arms, and a little boy with grave, earnest eyes, standing by her side.

With quiet steps the miller's wife came toward them and her heart thrilled with relief when she looked upon the sick man.

"Thank God, he lives!" she said to herself, and sank upon her knees by the bedside.

The young wife was a stranger in the neighborhood of Schafhausen, and had never seen Frau Harbst but had heard of her goodness and generosity to those who had less of the world's goods than herself.

She looked up in surprise as her visitor arose and put her finger upon her lip in token of silence, and taking the wife's hand led her outside the door where they could converse without danger of disturbing the wounded man.

"I am the mother of Conrad Harbst who did such an evil deed to the poor man on the bed," said she simply. "I came to stay by you if you need me."

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The young wife had looked up in almost affright as she heard the name of the would-be murderer, but seeing the kind eyes of Frau Harbst regarding her with sympathy, she placed her hand in hers with tear dimmed eyes. She told her in whispers that the doctor said that he was in great danger, but by careful nursing might recover.

Then they re-entered the cottage, and Frau Harbst took from the basket the articles she had brought, and the wife's eyes brightened when she saw the roll of old linen for bandages, something which was badly needed.

The little boy rejoiced over the sweet white bread, the fresh butter, golden honey, and a rabbit stew, which the thoughtful Frau Harbst had brought, to save the wife from having to cook for that day at least, and she was deeply grateful for the kindness.

The miller's wife sat down by the bedside and took out her knitting, leaving the other to attend to her household duties, which had been delayed owing to the sudden demand upon her time and attention.

Now that a great care was removed from the heart of Frau Harbst by finding the man alive, her thoughts grew more anxious in regard to her son, wandering she knew not whither and believing himself a murderer. But like all her cares, she took it to the foot of the Cross, knowing that Jesus had promised to bear the troubles of all His children.

At the mill that day affairs were pretty quiet, owing to the miller stopping the wheel and sleeping most

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of the afternoon. He had inquired as to his wife's absence, and Lora had put him off with some excuse, but when the second day she had not returned he insisted upon knowing where she was, and upon being told that she had gone to assist in nursing the wounded man, he raved like one possessed of a demon. Conrad was out of harm's way, and he did not care what became of the one who suffered. He had heard that the man was dead, and now to hear that he was alive, with the possibility of getting well, filled him with rage, and he had no words bitter enough to express his indignation at his wife's temerity in braving his anger by going to see him.

If Conrad had remained, a short imprisonment, or some money forfeited, would have been all the punishment, and he railed at his own hastiness and at everybody concerned, that Conrad's flight to Europe was unnecessary now that the man was not dead.

He had seen by the papers that the next emigrant steamship was to sail the first day of the coming month; it was now the last day of the present one and Conrad was no doubt already on board.

Hans Harbst grew more angry each moment, as these thoughts passed through his mind. His imprecations were so terrible that Lora, pale with affright, kept close to her grandfather, and the two were like defenseless lambs in a terrible storm.

At length it occurred to the miller that it might be possible to reach Hamburg in time to prevent Conrad

from setting sail, and he resolved to make the effort. But he first must go to the neighboring village and question the physician in regard to the wounded man, and if there were really no danger of his dying, he would hurry to Hamburg on the night train and prevent Conrad from going.

The physician gave him every encouragement that the man would recover, thinking that it would be a comfort to Hans Harbst to know it, and his surprise was great when instead of showing pleasure at the report, or making any remark whatever, he rushed out, hurried to the next station, and was just in time to catch the train to Hamburg.

Once on, he neither ate nor slept, but waited with feverish impatience its arrival in the city, and when at daylight the train steamed into the depot, he took a carriage for the harbor.

He gave order to the driver to take him directly to the wharf at which the steamer lay that was to sail that day for America, for he would not allow himself to think that it had sailed. His impatience was so great that he stamped his foot and raved at the driver that he did not lash his horses to greater speed.

When they reached the harbor he searched among the forest of masts for the steamer, but it was not there; instead a lounge upon the wharf pointed to it sailing away, a long stream of smoke pouring from it, and Hans Harbst, weakened by his night's vigil and fasting, sank upon the wharf insensible.

He was carried to the nearest public house, and when he revived found a crowd of people surrounding him, filled with curiosity and plying him with questions and words of advice.

One suggested that as the steamer would halt at another wharf a few miles further on, he might by the help of post-horses reach it before it continued its journey.

This thought gave him new strength, and springing to his feet he gave the man who suggested it a sum of money to procure him a conveyance, and when it came, he threw himself into it and drove away, several trying to convince him that it would be impossible to catch the steamer, it having so much start, but others encouraged the trial.

Patience not being one of the virtues of Hans Harbst, his temper went through a fiery ordeal during the drive, and he upbraided and cajoled the driver by turns. But at length they reached the wharf, and no steamer being there, he hoped that it had not arrived, but was speedily undeceived and his hopes dashed to earth by an old seaman who pointed it out steaming away in the distance, nearly out of sight.

Hans tried to speak but was unable; he turned pale and red by turns, and then sank again insensible upon the wharf.

When he recovered consciousness, the conveyance which brought him took him back to Hamburg, and as he would not or could not say where he wished to go,

the driver took him to the hospital, and there he remained several weeks.

In the meantime, peace and quietness reigned within and without the old mill.

The wounded man had so far recovered that after a week of faithful caretaking Frau Harbst came home.

The grandfather and Lora told her of the anger of the miller and of his hurried departure, and since that time they had heard nothing of him.

His absence gave such serene comfort to the hearth that they could not help enjoying it as such peaceful natures could not fail in doing, and they reproached themselves for it, and really felt anxious in regard to him.

One evening the little company of three were gathered about the hearth, for it was cool autumn weather, when the sound of wheels halting at the double door of the mill proclaimed an arrival.

The mother and daughter hurried to the door, and there stood Hans Harbst, so pale, spiritless, subdued, in a word, so changed that they had no words to express their surprise, but in deep compassion and sympathy led him in, and placed him in his own chair by the fire.

Then Hans Harbst took his wife's hand in his and pressed it, tears dropping from his eyes, and she welcomed them as the eight people in the ark welcomed the dove with the olive branch.

Hans Harbst—the rough, godless man—weeping? Yes, the waters of sin had deluged the mill and its wicked owner, but in the clouds gleamed the bow of promise. He had placed his will against that of his Creator, and had been vanquished.

As time passed on his family saw that the great change in him was permanent. The prayers of his family, the death of his two boys, the warnings of his aged father-in-law had not been in vain, and his whole nature seemed changed. Only once did his former passionate temper evince itself, when Gamburger came in and asked for Conrad; and Hans Harbst bade him go and never enter his door again.

He was deeply touched by the sympathy and compassion of his family, and found such pleasure in the companionship of the grandfather as he had never imagined possible. Through the hours when they were together, the aged Christian spoke of the promises to the repentant man, and at length light dawned upon the soul so long darkened by sin, and he was indeed as a brand snatched from the burning.

“Who would have thought it? Who could ever have imagined it?” would Frau Harbst say to her father with happy tears in her eyes, when the miller would thank God for His great mercy in forgiving him that he might meet his William and Barthol in the home beyond the river.

The only anxiety of Hans Harbst was for his son Conrad, whom he had sent out in the world when there

was no need, and of this he spoke one evening to his wife.

"The whole earth is the Lord's," she replied serenely. "His watchful eye is over one place as well as another, and we can only pray that Conrad in his far-away home may be brought to do His will on earth as it is done in heaven."

At the suggestion of the grandfather, the family altar was established in the home of Hans Harbst, and the voice which a few months before was raised in imprecations and revilings, was now night and morning used in praising God for sparing his life until he could repent, and in gratitude that his stubborn will had been broken and he brought into submission to the will of the Father. His prayer never ended without a petition that God would spare Conrad's life until he, too, would lose his will in that of the Father.

At length a letter came to them from Conrad; he had reached America and could be more contented if he could rid his mind of the thought that he was a murderer. He begged his mother and Lora to reply immediately, and tell him if the man he had wounded was dead.

With tears of joy the little family read this letter, and Lora wrote to her brother that evening, giving him the happy news that the man he had injured was out of danger, and that the two families were good friends, owing to Frau Harbst befriending them in time of trouble. She added, at her father's request, the change of

heart which had followed his great trial and anxiety, and begged him to give up his will to God's will before it was too late. In a postscript she spoke of Gamburger and of her father driving him from his house.

In the regular, peaceful life which the miller was now leading, he quickly recovered his health, the great wheel was started upon its tireless rounds, and it was astonishing to his family and himself, as well as to others, to see the quantity of grain that came. It seemed that God had put it into the hearts of his fellow-men to encourage him in his new life; the business had never been so prosperous, and Hans Harbst never knew the meaning of happiness until he made his peace with God by doing His will.

The pastor, the schoolmaster, and all the congregation of Schafhausen church welcomed him as a worthy member, and after his acceptance there his seat was never vacant.

The second letter from Conrad startled them with a request which the three, as professing Christians, were ashamed that they had not considered of themselves. Conrad wrote that they did wrong to forbid Gamburger their house, who was not at heart evil; instead they should strive to bring him within the influence of a Christian home, and begged them to strive to induce him to come, that he might contrast the life of Hans Harbst with what it had been.

They resolved in family council to follow this advice to the letter, and with their sorrow that they had

let one good opportunity slip, was the sweet hope, yes, the blessed assurance, that God's spirit was working in the heart of Conrad.

There was one thing surprised, not to say troubled them, that being his reticence as to employment in order to support himself in the new country; but in their reply they did not allude to it, but waited until he saw his own time to make explanations.

In the meantime, Hans Harbst asked Gamburger's pardon for his inhospitable treatment and invited him to his house, and in time his once discordant voice was raised in the evening hymn of praise.

Time passed on, and for months they had heard nothing more from Conrad. The fragrant leaves came upon the trees in the beautiful spring-time, then the dry leaves of autumn rustled through the forest, and then the huge mill wheel was stopped by ice, yet no letter came. Hans Harbst grew very anxious, and the others also, but the old grandfather always comforted them by saying, "Let us put our hearts and minds in God's keeping; let us always say His will be done."

One evening the happy little family were sitting by the fire when there came a knock upon the mill door, and the man whom Conrad had almost deprived of life entered, accompanied by a stranger.

"Good evening, friends," he said, "I came late, but he who brings good news is excusable."

"You are always welcome," said Hans Harbst, while his wife placed chairs for them and Lora turned the

lamp to a brighter glow, and the grandfather and Gamburger looked upon the newcomers with interest.

"This is my brother-in-law," continued the visitor, "he has just returned from America and has brought you news of your son Conrad and a letter."

With smiles of joy all listened while Lora read the letter:

DEAR ONES AT HOME:—"I have been a miserable outcast, but God put me in a cage with iron bars. That cage was a guilty conscience. But your blessed letter came telling me that I was not a murderer. But while in that prison God reached out His hand to me, and through His dear Son I became a Christian. I have now the bliss of striving to do my Father's will on earth as it is done in heaven."

Then followed an exact account of his experiences in a new country and his reasons for not writing more frequently. He had a long search for employment, had wandered from place to place clothed in rags, depending upon charity, and at times almost despairing.

At length one evening he reached the farm of a German who for the love of the Fatherland gave him shelter and employment. Here he worked faithfully, and after a time married the daughter of his employer, and was now in possession of an adjoining farm.

To his great surprise, he had recently learned that his wife's mother was sister to the man whom he had almost killed. His satisfaction was great to hear that his father-in-law was intending to visit his home in Ger-

many and would carry any message that Conrad wished to send.

"Praise God from whom all blessing flow," said Frau Harbst when Lora concluded the letter, and they arose and clasped the hand of Conrad's father-in-law, and bade him thrice welcome.

That night before Frau Harbst slept her thoughts lingered long upon the experiences of the later life of the family as contrasted with the earlier; and especially did they linger upon the petition, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

CHAPTER IV.

A LESSON FROM "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

On a doorstep of one of the cottages in the suburbs of Schafhausen sat one morning a boy and a girl, each having in hand a sugar cake, and dressed in holiday attire, as if for some festival.

The boy was eating his cake, but that of the little girl lay in her lap, her attention being absorbed in making a wreath of wild flowers gathered in the forest near the old mill of Hans Harbst.

Her pretty blond hair hung in smooth plaits nearly to her waist, and her dress of pink muslin was tied with a faded sash; while the boy wore a scarlet jacket, of which he was very proud.

"Justine," said he at length, "if you don't care for your cake I might as well eat it."

The girl glanced down upon it, but said nothing.

"Did you hear me, Justine?"

"Yes, I hear you, August, but mother gave us these cakes because we are today to celebrate our little brother's birthday, when he is to have his name; it would not be right for me to give my cake away."

August made no response, but placing his elbows upon his knees, he gazed in deep thought toward the

forest until his meditations were interrupted by Justine.

"Fraulein Hannah told me this morning that in the blue heavens there are angels great and small, and when one of earth's children is named, a beautiful angel with snow-white wings takes the name to a great book in heaven, and as long as the child is a follower of the loving Jesus, so long his name remains in the great Book of Life."

August paid but little attention to this narrative of the sexton's daughter, Hannah, his mind being much more interested in the sugar cake lying in his sister's lap. He reached out his hand, only intending to touch the coveted dainty, when his fingers received a sharp blow which caused him to cry out in affright.

Justine glanced up in astonishment, but her fears were allayed when she saw through the lilac bushes at one end of the cottage, the well-known form of Fraulein Hannah.

"I am glad it is you," she said joyously, while August reddened guiltily; "please look at my wreath."

It was a very plain face indeed which peered through the lilac bushes, but these children, as well as all other little ones in Schafhausen, knew and loved Fraulein Hannah, in spite of her masculine height, her angular figure, her large mouth, and the black patch over her eye.

Her old father, who was sexton of Schafhausen church and graveyard, said that patch was something

to be proud of, for Hannah had lost the sight of her left eye in doing a kind, noble deed.

Every one in Schafhausen knew what that deed was, and every stranger was told of Hannah having saved a human life. She was returning one cold evening from the castle of Baron von Hartenstein, and found a poor old messenger woman almost buried in the snow. Hannah picked her up, brushed the snow from her, and then seeing that she was unable to stand, carried her on her back to Schafhausen, half a mile away. Following this great exertion was a spell of sickness which brought Hannah almost to the grave; she recovered, but the sight of one eye was gone, yet she was never known to regret it; she had saved a life, and felt well repaid.

She seemed to share with Gretchen the place left vacant by Dorothy Burmeister; the only difference being that she was able to go to see those she wished to help in any way, while Gretchen lay patiently upon her bed and received cordially those who came.

The time of Hannah's arrival at the cottage of Frau Wagner that sweet summer morning was very inopportune, indeed, so far as the inside of the cottage was concerned, and she who was nurse to the sick, comforter to the afflicted, a scourge to careless sinners, a teacher and friend to children, found that she was not wanted, but this did not disconcert her in the least.

In the middle of the floor stood Frau Wagner, taking feathers from a bed and putting them into a bag held by her ten-year-old daughter. The air was filled

with flying down, and every article in the room had its share.

"Why, Wagner!" exclaimed Fraulein Hannah standing in astonishment, "why are you changing feathers this day above all others, when your little one is to celebrate his birthday this afternoon and receive his name, and you expect company from the city, and above all, our pastor?"

"Oh, Fraulein Hannah," stammered Frau Wagner, turning crimson with shame, "that you should happen in this very hour above all others! In a little while I would have been done and cleared up, and now there is not a place for you to sit down."

"Don't bother yourself about that," replied Hannah composedly, "I only came to say that I saw the pastor this morning, and he said that if possible he will spare an hour to remain for your little one's birthday festival. But what I wish to know is, why are you taking feathers from your only bed that is worthy the name?"

She gazed sternly at Frau Wagner, for she strongly suspected that it was a plan for raising money that would be applied to a poor use at the evening festival of the three-months-old babe.

"Now, can't you see, Fraulein Hannah, that I am driven to it?" she asked, in deep embarrassment; "we live, as you know, from hand to mouth, and a birthday festival takes money. The pastor will expect a fine supper, and the baker will not trust us for cakes."

"Wagner, you know that you are not keeping to the truth," interrupted Hannah indignantly. "You know as well as I that it is not at all probable that the pastor will stay for refreshments, the children were eating baker's cakes when I came in, and there are more lying there upon the table as well as other things for supper, instead of being put away out of this dust. What are you intending to buy with the money these feathers will bring?"

"We ought not to have our first festival for the little one without a drop of beer," replied Frau Wagner, lowering her eyes. "Our eldest daughter, Lottchen, is to come from town with her betrothed, and my husband says that he would consider us very poor or stingy if we don't have a glass of beer for him. The bed is too full of feathers, and two pounds more or less will not be missed."

"Wagner," exclaimed her visitor, severely, "are you not ashamed to sell the feathers out of your only feather bed for such a miserable purpose? It is a sin and disgrace to celebrate the little innocent's first festival by making people intoxicated, for that will be the result. It is bad enough for Wagner to frequent saloons, but for you to give it to him at home is too shameful. If you were not so careless and worthless, and would have a good hot cup of coffee for him before and after working hours, he would not spend so much time and money in the saloons. If you don't mend your ways you will sleep upon straw, and your children be beggars."

Frau Wagner was first red then pale from shame at this just rebuke, and that she made no reply was evidence of the respect in which Fraulein Hannah was held in Schafhausen.

Justine came in at that moment, and stood between them, her feelings of sympathy for her mother and respect for the opinion of Hannah being equal.

"Now, I must go," said the sexton's daughter, "and I hope, little Justine, that you will always remember the festival of your little brother, and pray that he may be one of God's own children," and with these words she left the place and hurried home.

By afternoon the cottage was so improved that one could scarcely recognize it. A table with a white cloth was in the center of the room, and upon it was a birthday cake with the wreath of wild flowers, and the whole room in perfect order, for the first time in many months. In a rocking-chair sat Frau Wagner, dressed in holiday attire, with the infant in her arms for whom all this preparation had been made. It could almost be doubted whether this were the same woman whom Fraulein Hannah had berated so soundly, her appearance being so improved and her manner free from embarrassment.

The children wandered about as if in a delightful dream, and in the doorway leading to the bedroom stood Herr Wagner. He was a factory employe, and what was more, a dissatisfied one. He quarreled with his destiny, considered that all working people were oppressed and ill-paid, and giving evidence of his habits

by his bloated features and bleared eyes. His clothing bore no traces of the thrift which characterized that of other workmen in the same factory. It was not of substantial goods which spoke of money being invested to the best advantage, but a flimsy cast-off suit bought at some second-hand shop in the city; shining broad-cloth pantaloons, a flashy vest, and an old-fashioned silk hat that was considerably the worse for wear.

The three invited guests, beside the pastor, were the eldest daughter Lottchen, a milliner in the city, her betrothed, a very stylish young man indeed, as befitted a tailor's assistant, and Herr Weber, an elderly little man, uncle to Frau Wagner, and invited with view to possible legacy to the little one who that day was to be named for him. The mother looked with pride upon her really pretty daughter whom she considered a perfect type of city belle, and equally satisfied with the tailor's assistant, who in his galooned and well fitting soldier uniform was not to be overlooked. He was at that moment smoking a cigar, and allowing the smoke to curl languidly through his moustache, while his white, beringed hand toyed with a heavy gilt watch chain, as he now and then glanced about him with an air of condescension upon the country folk whom he had honored by his presence.

Herr Weber was a harmless little man who felt a real interest in the small candidate for future bequest, and earnestly hoped that he might be of assistance to his great nephew in his pilgrimage through the world. In the meantime, he stood silently eyeing the tailor's as-

sistant, and ruminating upon the changes which had taken place since he was a young man.

The conversation among them was very animated indeed. It was at a time when there was strife between the factory employers and their workmen, some of whom had refused to work without advance in wages.

Wagner was filled with indignation because all did not refuse; in short, all band together and strike for more pay. He had heard of the unions in cities which brought employers speedily to terms, and wished Schafhausen to follow what he considered an excellent example.

The tailor's assistant blew a volume of smoke from his pursed out lips before giving his opinion, the delay making it the more valuable when it came, and observed that for his part his place, so far, suited him tolerably well, but how long he would be able to say so, was quite another question. The cost of living in the cities was much increased, and consequently it was a self-evident proposition that the wages should also increase. He delivered this sage opinion in a very deliberate manner, drawing slowly through his fingers the watch chain, and knotting it occasionally by way of change. All listened as to the opinion of an oracle, and little Weber thought that it must be a pleasant feeling to have such a good opinion of one's self.

At that moment August, who was in the door, notified them that the pastor and Fraulein Hannah were coming, whereupon the tailor's assistant threw aside his

cigar, struck an attitude, and prepared to convey a deep impression of his magnificence upon the country pastor.

Herr Wagner stepped to the door to receive his guests, and the young minister shook hands with all, then took a chair offered him. Hannah went immediately to the kitchen to see that all was in readiness for the meal, that the pastor might not be detained, and finding that a few minutes' time would be all that would be required to complete it, felt better satisfied with Frau Wagner than she had expected to be. She returned, and giving a prolonged wink with her remaining eye to little Weber, he arose, and taking the infant in his arms told the assembled company its name with an air of pride, whereupon the minister gave some good words of advice to the parents, charging them to strive to train it in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Then he knelt with them and offered a fervent prayer, after which Fraulein Hannah led off with a simple hymn, in which the young man from the city distinguished himself, having a really fine and cultured voice.

It was doubtful if anyone present was more interested in the whole service than Justine. Every word of advice to her parents was taken to heart, and she resolved to help all within her power to train her little brother aright. August's attention^{*} was about equally divided between the services and the large cake in the middle of the table, and he wondered more than once if with so many to share it, any would be left for him.

Hannah helped Frau Wagner to set the prepared viands upon the table, and at the earnest solicitation of the Wagners, the pastor remained to partake of the birthday feast. Hannah passed hot coffee in fine gilded cups, loaned by Frau Kramer, of Kramerhof, and Lottchen passed white rolls, then the cakes, and to the satisfaction of August, some were left. Justine further gladdened her brother with the promise of half her share, for her mind was upon the baby, and what Hannah had told her.

The pastor remained a few minutes after the meal was finished, and had some conversation on spiritual things, which he hoped in time might bring forth fruit. His remarks to Herr Wagner seemed apparently but to bring the subject of his discontent to mind, and he branched off upon the meanness of employers in general and his own in particular.

As soon as he had finished, the young man from the city took up the argument, and in very grandiloquent style explained to his rural listeners that the working people labored under many disadvantages. Some of them, he said, were even foolish enough to leave their earnings in the hands of their employers, as a fund to draw upon in time of need, but he considered it a very unsafe thing.

"What do you consider a better plan?" asked the young pastor.

"Why, benevolent societies among themselves, and a treasurer appointed from among their own working

people, thus keeping the funds aloof from the greedy hands of the employers. Being a workingman, he would sympathize with working people, and the money be entirely safe in his hands."

To this the pastor made no reply, except to take a newspaper from his pocket and read an account of the absconding of the treasurer of one of these workingmen's societies, taking the funds with him, which reading caused the young man to toy rather nervously with his watch chain and glance toward Lottchen to see what impression his discomfiture made upon her.

"Yes," remarked the little Weber, "in my young days we had day-laborers and other working people, as we have now, and I never heard complaint against the employers. People did not have so many wants; they lived plainer and were better contented. In my father's cottage were eight children dependent on his day's labors. He taught us all to say after his morning prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and I never remember the time when one of us went to bed hungry, though sometimes our slice of bread might be pretty thin. He always said that no one could work with strength and spirit unless he had faith in the fourth petition."

The expression upon the countenances about him proved to the little Weber that his remarks were not agreeable; the lips of Wagner were compressed with contempt, and those of his prospective son-in-law wore a very sarcastic smile. But the pastor, in no wise disconcerted by being in the minority, came to the help of the

timid little man, and extended his hand to him in cordial approval. "He who in sincerity of heart and in faith utters the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' " said he kindly, "though he may be poor in this world's goods, yet is he rich, for he dwells under the shadow of the Almighty, and all blessings are his."

The fine face of little Weber lighted with a smile; he had found a congenial spirit, something not frequently met in his humble life, and he timidly pressed the pastor's hand, who had arisen to leave. "It is my prayer that you may all know these blessings and make them yours;" saying which he bade them good-by and returned to the parsonage.

Scarcely had he disappeared when Wagner took the little Weber severely to task for his want of entire sympathy for the working people. "Pity you are not a preacher," he remarked sneeringly, "such a great man as you are ought not to be a weaver. You are a hundred years behind the times and it is just such people as you who put mischief in the heads of the bosses."

"Oh, well," replied the uncle placidly, the commendation of the pastor giving him courage, "truth is mighty and will prevail;" and donning his skull-cap, he bade all good-by and set out upon his long walk to a neighboring village.

Hannah, her errand there being done, left a few minutes after, to return to the humble home of the sexton, which was near the schoolhouse, and she and Louis

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Friedman were warm friends, co-helpers in all good works.

With the pastor and Hannah, the good spirit which had prevailed in the Wagner cottage passed out, and an evil took its place. Cards were brought out, beer glasses were filled and refilled, and Wagner, his future son-in-law, and two of Wagner's fellow-workmen passed the night in drinking, card-playing, and smoking.

About daylight the guests departed, leaving Wagner under the table in the deep sleep of intoxication, and little August curled up in the pastor's chair, also asleep, his mother having neglected to put him to bed in the early part of the evening.

When the sun arose, its pure beams glinted through a crack in the shutter and rested upon empty beer bottles scattered about over the floor, tables and chairs; stumps of cigars and quids of tobacco were plentiful, and the odor of the room not pleasant to refined nostrils.

Hannah was sincerely anxious to benefit these miserable people, and before she sought her pillow that night her plans were made. She resolved to visit Kramerhof the very next morning, and with its mistress, contrive some way to help the Wagners to a better way of living, if it were possible to do so.

The cottage they lived in belonged to Kramerhof, and Frau Wagner was frequently employed for days' work there, for in other people's houses she could do as good and efficient work as any one; it was only in

her own home that she was indolent, careless, and wasteful.

The morning light did not chase away the good intentions of Fraulein Hannah, but as soon as breakfast was finished, her house set in order, her father at work in the churchyard, and her grandfather in his armchair with his book, Hannah donned her black merino holiday dress, and turned her steps toward the fine property which, having been for generations in the possession of the Kramer family, was known as Kramerhof.

It was a large, substantial farmhouse, set in the midst of a spacious lawn, the entrance to it being through a high arched gate, with lions' heads carved upon the tall pillars of stone. Through another gate into a lane, had passed for many years loads of fragrant hay and rich grain, to the barns and threshing floors. Now, in addition to this, went nightly five and twenty mild-eyed cows to be milked, high-bred horses were in the stalls, flocks of fine sheep roamed the meadows, and poultry of all kinds strutted and cackled in the free abandonment of comfortable life.

The beautiful June morning after the festival at Wagners found the whole establishment of Kramerhof astir; the doors and windows wide open, through which came the pure odor of clover in bloom, moist with dew, and the air jubilant with the song of birds and the humming of myriads of bees.

It was not only baking day, but churning day, and with sleeves rolled up from her plump white arms, Frau

Kramer was putting in readiness the pans of bread risen and ready for the oven, which she had made with her own hands. There were plenty of servants about the establishment, but it was the rule of the present Frau Kramer to perform this household duty.

She was nearly fifty years of age, but so fair, fresh and rosy, and was blessed with such perfect health, that she looked scarcely forty. She had a cheerful, happy disposition, and her presence was felt in every part of the large establishment, even the animals knowing her voice and eagerly greeting her coming.

Daily this even-tempered, industrious, Christian woman prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the petition was offered in sincerity of heart for spiritual and material blessings; and that the material blessing of daily bread might be worthy of the name, and thus the good gift of God not be wasted by negligence or ignorance on the part of the makers, she always attended herself to it, and it never failed in being light, sweet and wholesome.

Early in the morning of baking days, Frau Kramer stood by her kneading tray in the large, clean pantry, and that sweet June morning she had looked out the open windows upon acres and acres of golden wheat.

"Man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," came frequently to her mind as she each morning looked upon this evidence of God's care for his creatures in their earthly life, as she also rejoiced that God's word given

in the Scriptures was the Bread of everlasting Life, and was within the reach of all who desired it.

She prayed that all might be kept from making a god of their appetite and of their earthly possessions. "I am the Bread of Life," were words that always cheered her. When she called to mind the words, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat," she would, in spirit, visit the homes of poverty, and longed to share with them the bread which God had seen fit to bestow so abundantly upon her.

Frau Kramer's duty was finished when the bread was ready for the oven, and Daniel's care over it commenced, and was faithfully performed. He had been for three generations a retainer in Kramerhof, and the present Frau Kramer often wondered, as former ones had done, who could supply his place should he be called from earth, such a caretaker was he of every part of the large establishment that came within his province.

When six o'clock struck, the bread was all in the oven, and the lid up, then Frau Kramer went to waken her husband, who always slept until that hour.

"Good morning, father," she said, touching him lightly, "it is six o'clock, the house all in order, Daniel has put the bread in the oven, and the women are at the churning. Your coffee will be ready for you by the time you are dressed."

One could see that this husband and wife dwelt in unity, and though he was twenty years older than

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Frau Kramer, they were congenial, agreeable companions.

He was simple in his tastes, and his expenditures for his own gratification would not exceed that of the humblest day-laborer on his estate; but he was generous and public-spirited, and just in his dealings, therefore respected and esteemed by the neighborhood. His motto was, "He who helps the poor, lends to the Lord," and his working-people could bear witness that never a worthy applicant was refused help.

No one who entered this stately, luxurious home, with its substantial furniture, dark with age, its oaken and cedar chests filled with rich stores of blankets, its linen and china closets, would guess that the kind and hospitable owners ever had a care or regret, yet they had a regret that they had no son to perpetuate the name of Kramer, and heir the property which for so many generations had been handed down from father to son, and now must, at the present owners' death, have another name.

They had one daughter who was married and living in her husband's ancestral home; this daughter was heir of Kramerhof, and it was because of her husband that they had a great and ever-present care. But no one ever heard them speak of their regret or their care; it was told only to each other and to God.

Just as Frau Kramer that morning had brought the cup of good coffee to her husband, she glanced through the open window of the dining-room toward the gate.

"Why, there is the sexton's Hannah," said she, "and has on her black merino dress. She never wears it except to church or upon some benevolent errand; now, I wonder what she has upon her mind?"

She was not long in doubt, for at that moment Hannah knocked upon the open door and immediately entered. One could see by the cordial manner in which she and Frau Kramer shook hands that there was a bond of sympathy between them, a union of helpfulness for all needed help and a battle against evil in every form.

"Now, Fraulein Hannah, what is it that brings you out so early in your best black dress?"

"I am going to see the Wagners, and want you to go with me. I was there yesterday afternoon to the birthday festival of the baby, and judged by certain signs that there would be a miserable drinking time after I left; and am quite sure by the windows and doors being closed at this time in the morning, that I am right."

"I believe you have made no mistake," replied Frau Kramer. "Frau Wagner was to come this morning and help the women with the churning; she has not come, and while never very early, had never been so late as this."

Frau Kramer put on her bonnet, and the two walked across the meadow and strip of woodland separating the two homes, and found the cottage as silent as midnight. Through the crack in the shutter they could have seen into the room, had they so desired, but that was not their way.

"We must go in and waken them," said Hannah. "Wagner ought to have been to the factory more than an hour ago; he stands a fair chance of losing his place."

"But how can we get in? surely, they don't go to bed and leave the door unfastened."

"No as a rule, I suppose not; but the kitchen door has only a latch string, and most likely all were too much under the influence of beer to think of drawing it in. Let us go around and see."

Hannah was right. The latch string was out, they drew it, the door opened, and they entered. Wagner was still asleep under the table, and they could see into the adjoining room. There upon the floor beside the bed, lay the babe who had the day before figured so conspicuously, it having fallen out while the mother was in a deep sleep. Fortunately—for that time at least—the clothing she had worn the day before was on the floor when it fell, and no harm was done the infant so far as could be seen, and it was sound asleep.

"The place is suffering for fresh air," remarked Frau Kramer, as she left the door open behind her, and threw up the window, while Hannah passed on into the bed-room and gave Frau Wagner a shake, by no means gentle.

"Where is the baby?" murmured the mother, as she raised upon one elbow and gazed about her in bewilderment.

"It is on the floor, and it is a wonder that its neck is not broken. For once your slovenly ways have been

of some use, for if your best clothes had not been in a heap at the side of the bed, it might have been killed."

Frau Wagner rubbed her eyes, looked at her two visitors, then at the clock, then out into the other room where her husband lay asleep under the table, and a crimson blush rose to her face.

"Frau Wagner," said Frau Kramer severely, "it is well for you to be ashamed. Ever since five o'clock I have expected you to help in the dairy, as you promised, and your husband should have been at the factory. Now it is after seven, and we found you both asleep. Now, do you waken Wagner and get him away to the factory at the earliest possible moment, and I shall look for you at Kramerhof in time to be of some use," saying which, she and Hannah left the house.

An hour later the delinquents reached their respective places, and Frau Wagner, usually talkative, was so silent and abstracted that the attention of the maids was drawn to her, and they questioned her in regard to the birthday festival; but no answer was given that conveyed much information, so she was left to herself.

When she finished her day's work and was ready to go, Frau Kramer had a serious talk with her.

"I see nothing else for you but the almshouse if you don't make a change in your way of living," she said. "You never have a needle in your hand from one week's end to another, and are careless and wasteful of the money Wagner earns at the factory. He will lose his place there if he does not attend to his work better, and

not squander his time and money playing cards and drinking. You should pray to God for your daily bread, receive it thankfully, and make the best use of it you can. From God's kind hand comes every blessing we have, and who does not receive it with gratitude and thanks is an ungrateful creature, and not worthy His good gifts. Ask your conscience, Frau Wagner, whether you use His good gifts to the best of your ability, and I think it will tell you that you are an indolent, improvident person who would waste three times the sum your husband makes, and yet not live in comfort."

All this was said in severe earnestness, but so kindly that Frau Wagner could take no offense; and as the advice was accompanied by a large bundle of clothing and a basket of good provisions, in addition to her wages, she did not go home as cast down as one might suppose.

The words, however, made some impression, for as she walked through the strip of forest that lay between Kramerhof and the cottage, she resolved within herself that she would try to do better.

Midway in this strip of woodland was a beech-tree so great in dimension, so tall and straight and perfect in every way that it was considered by more than its owner as almost invaluable; a beautiful specimen of God's handiwork.

Under its majestic spreading branches, Herr Kramer often sat and read and reflected, as his ancestors had done before him, always refreshed and strengthened by this communing with nature. He loved the tree, and

often said that his heart went up to God in gratitude as heartily there as when in his accustomed place in Schafhausen church.

Many covetous eyes were cast upon this noble tree, and large prices offered by workers in wood for it, but all offers were met by steady refusal.

At length a higher price than he had ever thought of, was offered, and, like other offers, would have been refused, for money was no object to him, and he loved the tree. But the proposition came through his son-in-law who admonished him that the tree was growing old and might die, and such a sum of money should not be lightly refused.

The daughter also was influenced to speak to her father and induce him to sell it, and to do her justice, or at least as some excuse for her, she did not know the extent of her father's affection for it, as Herr Kramer was reserved in speaking of his feelings.

Loth to part with his beloved tree, yet feeling that as the property was entailed, his daughter and her husband had a right to have voice in the matter, the old man gave reluctant consent, and wood-cutters were soon at work chopping at the monarch of the forest.

When the first stroke of the axe was head at Kramerhof, Herr Kramer went to bed, and with closed door and windows, waited until the dull boom proclaimed that the beech-tree had fallen never to rise again.

"When you see them coming with it, tell me, and we will follow," he said to his wife, and she promised.

After a time Frau Kramer saw eight strong horses attached to the huge trunk coming slowly up the road. When opposite Kramerhof, she summoned her husband who arose, pale and with tear-dimmed eyes, and hand in hand they followed it through Schafhausen and until in sight of the sawmill; then, sad and silent they returned, and the beech-tree was never mentioned between them, because of their sorrow for it; and because of a deeper sorrow that occurred just after that time.

When they came through the arched gate that day and up the linden bordered avenue to the dwelling, they saw before the door a handsome carriage and a spirited pair of black horses, which they recognized as the equipage belonging to their son-in-law, and hurried in to receive him.

"I came myself to tell you that you are grandparents" said he joyously. "We have a son, a beautiful, strong, healthy boy."

With tears of joy they heard this good news, and Frau Kramer made ready to accompany him home, as that was his main reason for coming.

Though dreading his loneliness, Herr Kramer was too unselfish to wish to keep her from their loved daughter who craved her society, so Frau Kramer gave charges to her maids and to Daniel, and set out for the beautiful home of her son-in-law.

She never enjoyed a drive more than upon that lovely day. She was on her way to visit her only daughter and her precious little grandson. She had fixed the

limit of her stay to only two days, yet in that time she would witness the happiness of the young parents, and rejoice with them over the beautiful boy God had given them.

The carriage rolled under the archway of a massive gate, and up a long avenue shaded by fine old trees, and drew up before the door of a handsome residence, and in a short time Frau Kramer was with the young mother and her babe.

In the daughter's joy at seeing the dear mother, she would have talked and laughed, and exerted herself to entertain her, but Frau Kramer put her finger upon her lip, in token of silence, and taking her little grandson in her arms, she sat down in sight of the young mother, that she might look upon the two whom she so loved.

Supper was served in the beautiful tea room and the solid silver, rare old china, and fine damask napery, proclaimed the wealth of generations of the son-in-law's family, and when the two took their places at the table, it was with the dutiful and respectful attention of a son that he waited upon the mother of his beloved wife.

But, alas! alas! As soon as the meal was concluded, a handsome spirited horse was led to the gate by a groom, and the happy young father went to his club in the city, to meet the friends of his jolly bachelor days, and tell them the good news.

Frau Kramer did not mention his absence when she returned to her daughter's bedside, but the practiced ear

of the young wife had heard the sound of his horse's feet; a bright-red spot burned on either cheek, but she made no comment.

It was near midnight when the furious clatter of a horse's hoofs were heard upon the still air, indicating the return of the young husband, then his voice in anger calling to the groom to come and lead the horse to the stall, then his entrance into the wide hall.

Frau Kramer had volunteered to sit up the early part of the night that the attendant might get needed sleep, and was sitting with the infant asleep upon her loving bosom.

The young husband, with many a stumble, reached the room, and she saw what she had dreaded, that he was in a beastly state of intoxication.

"What are you doing in my house?" he exclaimed in a loud angry voice. "And why are you sitting up? I allow no one to wait up for me, and you will see that I am master in my own house. Leave my premises immediately, and never let me see you here again."

Frau Kramer made no reply, but her face was deadly pale, not from fear for herself, but for her daughter who had fainted from fright, and from grief at the insult to her loved mother who had come in innocent joy to share their happiness.

The wretched young man seemed to have some knowledge of the mischief he had done; he stumbled out and went to his dressing-room, where he stretched him-

self upon a lounge, without taking the trouble to disrobe, and was soon fast asleep.

With limbs trembling with nervous fright, Frau Kramer summoned the nurse, and together they strove to revive the insensible woman, but without avail; and a messenger was sent in haste to Schafhausen for the physician who came immediately.

"She has had a shock to her nervous system," he said, looking anxiously at his patient as she slowly revived under his treatment; "something has alarmed her."

There was no other course to follow but to tell him the true state of the case, and taking him aside, Frau Kramer told him all.

"I cannot answer for the consequences," said he sadly. "She is conscious, but her mind wanders; I fear that fever will set in."

These fears were realized, fever did set in, and in a few days the spirit departed from the beautiful body, and the young husband mourned and would not be comforted. He called her by every endearing name; he took her cold hand in his and strove to warm it with his breath, he asked her to speak one word of forgiveness. He groaned in spirit that through his intemperance his wife had laid down her young, buoyant life, and his little son was motherless.

The sorely afflicted father was sent for from Kramerhof and neither he nor Frau Kramer had a word of reproach for the erring young husband. They saw that he suffered keen anguish, and when God had spoken to

him in this affliction, why should man add his weak words?

Moreover, the last moments of the young wife's life upon earth were rational, and with pale lips she had whispered to her weeping mother, "Forgive him; he was not himself," and Frau Kramer had promised.

All that sorrowing repentance could do, was done by the stricken young husband, the most elegant casket, the rarest flowers, the hearse drawn by four beautiful black horses with waving plumes.

Frau Kramer witnessed the sad procession pass slowly down the avenue and up the road toward Schafhausen churchyard, and sinking upon her knees she prayed for wisdom to guide her in what she felt to be a duty, and that her son-in-law might see the matter in the same light, and give consent to the infant being taken by them to Kramerhof.

It was some alleviation of her grief, when he not only gave free and full consent, but looked upon it as a great care removed from him, and the same evening Herr and Frau Kramer returned to their home, the dear grandchild slumbering in her loving arms.

They were tearfully welcomed by the maids and men servants who clustered about the entrance, and it was into the arms of old Daniel that she gave the precious burden while she descended from the carriage. He pressed a kiss tenderly upon its little hand, while he murmured, "God bless the young heir of Kramerhof."

They had not been home an hour when the Sexton's daughter Hannah came to sympathize with the parents upon the loss of their loved daughter, and to welcome the young heir.

With many tears Frau Kramer recounted the sad experiences which had been hers since they met, and found comfort in the society of her tried friend. Together they admired the beauty and vigor of the infant, praised the brightness of his large dark eyes, the silky fineness of his hair, the plumpness of his limbs, the dimple in his chin, his soft tiny hands and his rosy feet.

"Frau Kramer," said Hannah, "I have a plan in my head which you may think good, so came as soon as I heard you were home to tell you of it. You say you will have to feed this little one with cow's milk from a bottle; why not get Frau Wagner to come here and nurse the boy. She has a healthy child who will thrive upon cow's milk, leaving the mother's for this little one. She is perfectly healthy, and only needs nourishing food which she will get here, and does not get at home, for Wagner is discharged from the factory, just as we prophesied he would be. It would be a real charity to poor Frau Wagner whose only fault is her carelessness, which you can correct. Let me go and bring her and you can talk it over."

Frau Kramer gave willing assent, and Hannah set out, and soon reached the cottage.

The doors stood open, and as she passed through the kitchen she heard little Justine conning over the petitions of the Lord's Prayer from a picture book given her by

Frau Kramer. "Give us this day our daily bread," she was saying as she looked up and saw Fraulein Hannah.

"Wagner," said the visitor abruptly, "God is about to give you a chance to earn your daily bread, and it depends upon yourself whether you keep it;" and she told her of the conversation with Frau Kramer, to which she listened with earnest attention.

"We both know Frau Kramer well," continued Hannah, "and know that if you help her now by going as a nurse to Kramerhof, you and your family will have an assured chance for your daily bread. Get ready and go there with me, and secure the place right away. Comb your hair and make yourself neat, for you know that she will not endure a slovenly person about her. I have brought you a large white apron, and a nurse's cap, and a frill for the neck of your best dress. You must wear it today, and I will give you a neat print one, and help you make it."

Fraulein Hannah's plan was a complete success, Frau Wagner was accepted, and the infant as well as herself greatly benefited.

Three hours out of each day were given Frau Wagner to attend to her own household duties, and all the other hours were spent at Kramerhof.

Of the substantial dinners cooked in the large farmhouse, a sufficient quantity went every day to the cottage for the daily three meals of Wagner and his children, he being unable to work, one arm hanging useless by his side owing to a fall when intoxicated.

Frau Kramer deeply appreciated the service the poor woman was to her in raising her little grandson, and repaid it with interest.

In money, she gave her only the wages she earned as nurse, but in every way she assisted her and her family.

A year passed away, and Frau Wagner was yet nurse to the young heir of Kramerhof; and a year filled with blessings it was to her and her household.

As Joseph in the seven full years provided for the seven years of famine, so in that year she lay in a store of useful knowledge which brought not only earthly blessings, but those which lead to a higher life. The lessons of thrift and industry were not lost upon her, and before three months had passed after her installation at Kramerhof, her windows glistened as did those under the care of Frau Kramer, her floors were as white as that in the great kitchen there, and her tin-ware shone like silver. The children's clothes were taken care of, and they were kept neat and clean.

Because everything at Kramerhof was done in God's name and for His honor, so also did the poor Wagners try to live as they lived whom they loved and respected.

As Herr Kramer's family always asked a blessing before a meal, and said "A blessed meal-time," to each other afterward, so also did the family in the cottage; and when the Kramerhof maids sat in Schafhausen church, Frau Wagner was with them.

In the meantime, Wagner had reformed, and his health was fully restored, but his right arm still hung helpless. His place in the factory was filled by a sober, industrious man who would be likely to retain it, and there seemed to be nothing that Wagner could do.

One morning, the sexton's Hannah was seen going up the one street of Schafhausen, dressed in her black merino, and all who happened to see her knew that she was out upon some benevolent mission.

She walked on until she reached a large manufactory on the bank of the same stream which supplied the water-power for the mill of Hans Harbst, and many others.

Opening the main door, she entered and inquired for the proprietor, and after some demur and delay was shown into his office, where he was writing busily.

He glanced up at the intruder through a pair of gold glasses, and any one but the sexton's Hannah would have been embarrassed by his cold, repellant manner. But she had come for the good of others, and intended to remain until she had a hearing. Simply and plainly she told the story of Wagner, and asked for a place for him in the paper mill.

"I have all the help I need," he replied, "and plenty of applicants; besides, what use could I make of a man with only one hand, and that the left one?"

"Certainly in a large place like this there could room be made for one so needy," she commented.

"This is a place of business and not a charitable in-

stitution," he remarked coldly; "we cannot take the man simply because he is a pauper."

"I hope when you reach the other shore the same excuse may not be given you," responded Hannah.

"Well, you can go through the manufactory from top to bottom, and if you find a place where work can be done with one hand, he is welcome to it," saying which he resumed his writing, and Hannah thanked him and left the office.

She walked through the long rooms, with whirling wheels and clattering machinery which almost deafened her. The operatives looked up curiously at the tall angular woman with a black patch over her eye, and wondered what brought her, but Hannah was not in the least disconcerted.

But she was beginning to grow hopeless of there being any work for Wagner, when having reached the floor next the roof she found a number of children seated about piles of rags, which they were sorting, putting the white ones in one pile and the colored ones in another.

"God be thanked!" said she to herself; "a person with one hand could do this work, and Wagner will get a place here if there is anything in a promise;" and she hurried back to the office.

The proprietor could not restrain a smile as she triumphantly proclaimed her success, and without hesitation gave Wagner a place; and Hannah walked directly to the cottage, to tell him the news which was such a joy to him.

And now the time had come when the young heir of Kramerhof was old enough to dispense with his nurse, and Frau Wagner returned to her cottage, an entirely different person in appearance and ways than when she left it to go to Kramerhof. The example of a pure Christian home life was not lost upon her, and she strove and succeeded in having a comfortable home for her husband and children.

There was a constant dread in the heart of Herr Kramer and his wife that the son-in-law would claim his son when he felt inclined, but this grief was spared them. When the boy was two years old the father married a lady of Hamburg, who refused to have charge of the child, and there was no question raised of his leaving Kramerhof. Instead, at the solicitation of the grandparents, the father gave full consent that the boy should be as their son and take the name of Kramer, and thus allow the property to remain in the name.

He was a noble boy, truthful, and earnest, and bore a strong likeness to his deceased mother, which still more endeared him to his grandparents.

There was a great friendship between the young heir of Kramerhof and Frau Wagner's little boy, and the time was spent equally between the farm-house and cottage; and both were taught to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread."

CHAPTER V.

A LESSON FROM "FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE
FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US."

As the fine farm belonging to the Kramer family was the pride of the village of Schafhausen, so also was the castle, and grounds surrounding it, which formed part of the estate of Baron von Hartenstein.

The baron loved his country home, and with the exception of a few weeks at the Baths in summer, he and his family passed their time at the castle of Rothenfels, where, surrounded by his working people, he was happier than most kings.

One fine morning in early spring, Michael Oehm, the manager of the farm work at Rothenfels, stood upon an elevation which commanded a view of the oats fields where the men were ploughing.

At first glance, and from a distance, one might have thought him a pillar or post, so immovably did he stand for sometimes an hour at a time, watching that the work was well done, and calling the hours for mealtime, and to cease work for the day.

For more than sixty seasons he had seen the grain sown at Rothenfels, and knew every foot of its fertile

fields as well as he knew that of the garden belonging to his own cottage.

In one part of each field were the ploughmen working steadily, and closely following them were the harrowers, while near the hedge stood a long row of sacks containing the seed oats, waiting until the ground was ready.

Upon the high point of land where Michael stood he could at times feel the bracing wind from the sea, and the air was filled with the sweet odors of spring.

Myriads of larks soared in the blue vault above him, and numberless crows and ravens stalked in the furrows made by the plows.

It was a pretty scene of life and activity, but the manager had seen it so often that it had lost its novelty. His gaze was for the most part, not upon the beauties that surrounded him, but upon the ploughmen, all clothed in the loose linen frock in general use, reaching nearly to the feet, and making the young men look quite as old as their elders. One of the young men was Matthias Oehm, nephew of the manager, a tall, straight, handsome youth, with light, elastic steps, even with the heavy boots which he wore.

He was head ploughman, and his uncle was proud of his energy and industry, and pleased with the belief that his nephew bore a strong resemblance to him.

He knew the failings of the young man also, knew his hasty, impetuous temper, of which he had proof at that very moment, for at a hindrance caused by a root,

he threw the plough aside as if it were a feather, and the uncle said to himself, "Yes, yes, nephew, you have also inherited your impatience to every obstacle that stands in your way."

During this time Matthias, too, was having his thoughts, and they were far from pleasant. His indignation was bitter against the steward, whose business it was to attend to giving out grain for the horses. In the opinion of Matthias it was never enough, for he considered that if horses worked hard all day they should be abundantly fed.

Each workman had a pair of horses to care for, and when the day was over, it was a matter of emulation with them to make their span give evidence of the best attention.

The team that fell to the share of Matthias was a pair of beautiful, chestnut-colored horses, one of them being an especial favorite. He had taken care of it from a colt, and had named it "Princess."

From every meal that Matthias ate he brought her a piece of bread. She knew the sound of his voice, and his footsteps, showing her affection for him in many ways. Remonstrance with the steward was of no avail; he averring that he knew his business and would brook no interference from Matthias, nor any other of the men.

As there was nothing to be gained by persuasion, Matthias planned to place some night a ladder against the granary, climb up and remove a tile from the roof, through which he could secure enough oats to increase

the allowance of Princess without defrauding the other horse under his care. The hard spring work and the meagre allowance of grain, he averred, was causing the ribs of the horses to show, and he for one was not intending to have affairs in that condition.

His heart felt a sense of relief that morning when reflecting how easily his plan could be carried out, and he felt his conscience clear in the matter, as others of the workmen agreed with him that the steward stinted the horses in grain, perhaps for his own advantage in some way.

The next day was Sunday, and Matthias arose at his usual time, attended to his horses, then dressed, and after finishing breakfast walked to Schafhausen to visit his mother, and also to attend church with his betrothed who was child's nurse to a wealthy family in the city, but spent every alternate Sunday at home.

Frau Oehm was a widow, and lived in one room of the cottage of a day-laborer, near that occupied by the sexton and Hannah.

She was expecting her son, watching eagerly from the window of her room, and when she saw his tall form coming up the one street of Schafhausen, she hurried to the door to meet him.

Matthias was a good son, and all he could spare from his wages he gave to add to his mother's comfort. Her welfare was his first consideration, and as usual, upon both being seated, he asked if she needed anything which

her knitting and sewing for the families of the neighborhood could not supply.

She, in turn, took pleasure in telling that her week's earnings had been amply sufficient, not only for present needs in her simple manner of living, but to lay a little by for future need.

This information smoothed the way for a communication he wished to make, and that was that he intended to marry.

His mother was so surprised that for a time she could make no reply. She knew the young girl well, knew here to be pious, sweet-tempered and industrious, she knew of no one who would make a better wife for her son. But she also knew the baron, and feared that he would object to increasing the wages of her son, which would have to be the case if he married.

She, however, did not cloud his happiness by mentioning it, but gave her free and full consent, and with a lighter heart he passed on to the cottage of his Anna, and from thence to church with her.

The next afternoon the oats being in the ground, the workmen were allowed to cease work an hour earlier than usual, and Matthias seized the opportunity to visit the baron and tell him of his plans.

He found that the family at Rothenfels, having finished dinner, would go to the terrace, where coffee would be served. The glass doors of the beautiful place were thrown open, and the soft air brought in the odor of orange blossoms and other fragrant flowers.

In the centre of the room was the table for coffee, and the baroness herself was preparing the beverage. A servant in the livery of the house stood beside her, and a young daughter was looking at the tall trees in the park, which showed vivid green against the glowing sunset sky.

In the great hall of the castle, the baron was pointing out to his little son portraits of the barons of Rothenfels who had preceded him in the property and the title, and telling him incidents in their lives.

There had been fifteen, but the present baron had from a lumber room brought forth another portrait of a baron von Hartenstein who, according to the inscription on the back of the portrait, had been in the thirty-years war under Field-marshal Tilly, and had done valiant deeds.

Father and son stood before this portrait for some time, the baron relating stories of that stirring time, while the face of the old warrior seemed to look down upon them as if to say: "Ah, friends, the times you are living in are vastly different from the days in which we stormed Magdeburg."

The baron loved to think that he resembled the old warrior more than any other of his predecessors, and was impressing that fact upon his little son, when a man servant came to tell him that Matthias Oehm wished to have a word with him.

He was annoyed by the interruption, but gave orders that the young man be taken to the library to await him,

and after partaking of coffee, went to see what he wished.

Matthias was not the same person dressed in his holiday suit and sitting in the library of the baron that he was in the field behind a span of horses; there he was in his element; in the library, he was embarrassed, constrained, and awkward.

He was seated by the door, almost concealed by the heavy velvet portiere, when the baron entered, and stood coldly waiting to hear his errand.

His manner confused Matthias, but he finally managed to make known that he wished to marry, and hoped that the baron would retain him in his service, and furnish him with a cottage upon the property, where he had worked for more than seven years.

The baron listened sternly and held himself aloof from all interest in the matter, except to make plain to the applicant that he opposed the marriage, the objection being that Matthias was too young and too poor to think of taking such a step. He had another objection also; the girl was raised in the village, was at service in the city, and had never lived upon a farm. He wished the workmen whom he employed upon his estate, and to whom he furnished cottages, to choose wives who were used to farm life and work.

The baron also took the opportunity to tell him that the steward had reported to him the dissatisfaction of some of the men in regard to the quantity of oats given

out for the horses, and he blamed Matthias for stirring up the disturbance.

The face of Matthias had turned pale and red with anger, and he crushed his cap between his hands, and vainly strove to command his voice to speak calmly. Before he could do so, the baron turned his back upon him, and left the library.

The petitioner appeared for a moment like one turned to stone, then shaking his clinched fist toward the door through which the baron had disappeared, he muttered words which it was well for him were not overheard, then left the castle, his heart filled with hate and revenge.

The next evening after the day's work was done, Matthias, moody and silent, ate his supper with the other men, then went to the stalls to attend to his share of the evening work.

The wives and daughters of the workmen had finished milking the many cows, and the milk in bright pans was placed upon the cool stone floors, after which one of the men carried a bucket of milk to the cats which made their home about the stalls.

Matthias had finished his work, then took his way back of the granary and across the meadow, to the cottage of his uncle, Michael Oehm.

The evening was beautiful, and the full moon arose and looked calmly and solemnly down upon the world.

The steward had made it a rule that none of the men should leave the place after nightfall without permission; but Matthias had not waited for that, believing that the

steward would take pleasure in disappointing him that particular evening.

At the cottage of his uncle they had finished supper, and Michael had taken his usual seat in a large arm chair, had removed his heavy shoes, and with a cloth skull cap on his head, was enjoying his evening rest in the open air.

As Matthias stopped before him, he looked up in surprise; then asked if he had finished his evening work before coming, and if he had received permission of the steward to leave the place.

Matthias answered him truthfully, and waiting until his aunt and cousin went into the cottage, then told his uncle the whole story of his attachment for the young girl, of his interview with the baron, and concluded by asking advice.

The countenance of Michael Oehm had grown more forbidding as the narrative proceeded, and as soon as it was concluded he spoke.

"It is a misfortune, a great folly," he grumbled, "that you think of marriage this early in life. The baron is right; you must give it up." And Matthias saw that he wished to say no more upon the subject.

Matthias left the cottage, his whole heart in bitter rebellion against his uncle, the baron, the steward, and the world in general.

As he passed through the gate in the hedge that divided the road from Rothenfels, he heard his name spoken in a low tone. He recognized the voice as that of his beloved Anna, and hurried to her side. She was

weeping bitterly, and in an almost inaudible voice, told him that her father had heard through Frau Oehm of the intention of asking consent to their marriage, and was so angry that he threatened to forbid Matthias his house. She came to tell him that he might delay going to her father until he had time to recover from the anger into which the news had thrown him. She added that she had been discharged from her place of service in the city, because she reached there so late the morning before, and was now on the way to her father's house in Schafhausen.

Matthias, though burdened with his own troubles, tried to comfort her, and before they parted it was decided that if possible to gain her father's consent, they would be married, and go to another neighborhood, where he could get work upon a farm.

They bade each other good night in sight of her father's cottage, then Matthias retraced his steps toward Rothenfels more down-hearted than ever. The moon shown fair and high above him, and sunk in thought he turned from the path and wandered on until he came to a cross-road, and sat down upon a stile near a hedge, loath to continue his direct way to the castle.

Matthias had not been there long when he heard the wild tramp of horses' hoofs, and the swift roll of carriage wheels, and knew that the sound betokened a run-away. The horses were dashing wildly in his direction, and by the bright light of the moon he recognized the splendid black horses belonging to the baron. He remembered see-

ing the baroness and the children leave the castle early in the afternoon to visit some friends; they were now returning, and the horses having no doubt been frightened, were unmanageable.

Matthias was stalwart, strong, and active; he could stop the horses and prevent an accident, and his first impulse was to do so; but the tempter whispered to him, "The baron has disappointed you in your dearest hopes, he has insulted your manhood; now is your time to be avenged; it is no more than he deserves." Matthias listened to the evil voice, he stepped back in the shadow of the hedge, and the flying horses passed the spot in a flash. He saw the face of the young Fraulein Bertha, as ghastly pale, she gazed wildly from the closed window of the carriage, and the next moment the horses swerved, the carriage was overthrown and lay a wreck, the horses kicking themselves loose, and running to Rothenfels.

Fearful cries of distress came to him in the still night, and he recognized in them the voice of Bertha, his conscience whispered to him, "You are guilty of all this."

Instead of going to the assistance of the baroness, he turned and hurried through the field and meadow until he reached the castle, and creeping through the window of his room over the stalls, he lay as if in deep sleep. But there was no sleep for him, the remembrance of the pallid face of Bertha, and the sounds of terror and pain, drove sleep from his eyes.

After a time he heard great excitement at the castle; there was running to and fro, the voice of the baron

speaking as if in great distress of mind, the command of the steward to a servant to hurry to Schafhausen for a physician, and the moans of some one badly hurt.

Perhaps it was the good baroness who had always been kind to him, perhaps one of the innocent children, when he had only intended to punish the baron; perhaps it was the old coachman.

Matthias was not sorry for the baron; he looked upon him as haughty and overbearing to his dependents, and anything but good and kind.

He called to mind Heinrich, the old shepherd who, at the risk of his life, saved that of the baron who had several winters before broken through the ice, and had never received any reward for his kindness, but was yet a shepherd, and a shepherd would remain.

He longed for daylight, when a messenger would be sent to the stables to waken the men servants, and when the time came he arose and hurried out.

Before the castle gate stood the doctor's carriage, and it was rumored among the servants that in the overturning of the baron's coach one of the windows was shattered to atoms, the particles entering the eyes of the Fraulein Bertha, and the doctor feared the sight was destroyed.

Bertha was the pet of the whole household, a beautiful, light-hearted, affectionate little girl, always anxious to do some kindness for the servants, and they all were filled with sorrow over the accident.

But Matthias had double cause for grief. Had he done his best to help them and failed, his conscience at least would have cleared him from actual guilt. But he had not done this; instead he had heard their cries of distress, and had seen the beautiful blue eyes of Bertha gazing in terrified longing for help from their perilous position. He could have given that help and would not, and was guilty of the harm that had befallen them.

He went into the stalls to attend to his share of the horses, and was busily engaged in grooming his favorite chestnut horse, while brooding over the events of the night, when the harsh voice of the steward arrested his attention.

"You have been seen stealing oats, and are dismissed from further service at Rothenfels," saying which he laid the wages due Matthias upon a feed box, and left the stalls.

In dumb bewilderment, Matthias took the money in his hand, went up the steps to his sleeping room, and packed his clothes in readiness to leave the place where he had found a good home for more than seven years.

To the people, high and lowly on the place, he would bid no farewell; but from the horses, particularly from Princess, he could not part without a heartache, such as he never experienced from leaving any human being. He put their allowance of oats in their cribs, patted each one and spoke a farewell word, then throwing his arm about the neck of his favorite, he kissed the white star on her forehead, and with tear-dimmed eyes, left the stalls.

Closing the door behind him he crossed the fields toward Schafhausen, and went to the cottage of Anna's parents. He must tell them of his dismissal, though believing that it would be greatly to his disadvantage in the eyes of the father who was a stern, self-opinionated man, and held very strict notions in regard to obedience in young people.

But to his surprise and pleasure, Anna's father not only gave consent, but offered to help them what little he could in setting up housekeeping.

Three weeks from that day was the time appointed for the wedding, and Matthias succeeded in getting employment with a neighboring farmer, while Anna prepared her simple trousseau.

When they stood before the altar of Schafhausen church, no prettier bride or manlier groom could have been found in the neighborhood.

After the simple refreshments were served in the cottage of Anna's father, they set off for Hamburg, where Matthias had secured employment and rented a small house.

His fondness for horses had led him to seek the care of them; he became manager of a large livery stable, and made a comfortable living.

Thus the years passed away, and they prospered in their new home. Anna was cheerful and contented with her husband and little ones, but a spirit of unrest dwelt in the heart of Matthias. His conscience was burdened with the guilt of the accident at Rothenfels, which he was

sure he could have prevented, and when his children sat upon his knee, he would try for a little while to amuse them, but he took but little pleasure in their prattle, and in a little while would put them down and sink his head upon his breast, and sometimes sigh deeply.

He listened when Anna of evenings read from the Bible, but during the Sunday service his thoughts went to Rothenfels and the trouble there. He never imparted to Anna, or to any one, the fact of his witnessing the accident, and when she spoke of the sweet Fraulein Bertha, and hoped that she had recovered her sight, Matthias made no reply. But a heavy trial awaited the little family. One day he mounted a wild, untractable horse, and had gone but a short distance when it ran away, threw him against a tree, and he was taken up insensible. His hip bone was broken, and for several weeks he was confined to his bed, for months longer to his house, and was all the rest of his life a cripple.

Anna did the best she could in taking care of him and supporting the family, but it was beyond her power to continue it. One piece after another of the furniture was sold for bread, the walls were robbed of their pictures, and the larder was empty, and they had to apply to the city for help to keep them from starvation.

As they were not natives of Hamburg, and the authorities not responsible for the care of them, their being sent back to Rothenfels was what the law in such cases pointed out, and they were notified to that effect.

One day a wagon stood at the entrance of the broad avenue that led to Rothenfels castle. In it was a lame man with a crutch, a pale, weeping woman, and three half-clothed children, a table, some bed clothes, three stools, and a box. These people were Matthias and Anna, and they had been waiting there nearly an hour while the driver went to the castle to see where they were to be taken, and took his own time to come back.

At length he was seen coming, and as he neared them, called out, "To Sangsi."

The wretched husband and wife looked at each other in despair, and Anna clasping her hands in anguish, moaned, "To Sangsi! God help us!"

Sangsi was not a cottage, nor a farm, nor a village; it was shelter for such poverty-stricken families as were unable to provide it for themselves.

These buildings were not numerous; in fact were only found in districts where a great landed property like Rothenfels was situated.

It was a long, low building, dreary and monotonous, with six red doors at the back and twelve windows in front, looking out upon desolation.

The people of Sangsi did not appear to think that the dwellings of the very poor could by any possibility be made to have a homelike, comfortable appearance. There were no white-washed fences, no fruit trees, running vines, flower beds brilliant with asters, and other cheap embellishments which gave token that the ones who called it home had a desire to live like human beings.

Sangsi was to the miserable ones who inhabited it, as Siberia to the Russians. It was a punishment colony for the pariahs of the feudal estates, who had gone against the proprietor by marrying in poverty, and who, after removing from the estate were unable to support themselves, and were transported by the authorities of the places in which they had taken up their abode, back to their former home.

The building was ostensibly for only six families, and each family was supposed to have a kitchen, a sleeping room, and the small room front, the entrance to the dwelling being through the kitchen, but upon very large estates it was not seldom that two families had to occupy the place of one, as many as sixteen persons being crowded into one dwelling.

Sometimes the worst elements were gathered in these Sangsis, men who were drunkards, disorderly women, children who were allowed to run wild, with no restraining or guiding hand. A building of this kind received the name "Sangsi" in irony, the name being *Sans Souci*, which signifies free from care.

This miserable place was to be the home of Matthias and Anna, and no wonder that their hearts sunk within them when they heard the spot to which they were banished.

Had the mother of Matthias been living, her one room would have furnished a home for them, or had the father of Anna been different he might have made some provision for his daughter and her little family ; as it was,

there was no alternative but to accept the situation, and make the best of it.

But God's care was over them, and His Presence with them through all their troubles. The guilt-laden soul of Matthias had been brought to see against whom he had sinned.

He was convinced in his own sad thoughts that as it was through unmanageable horses that he had let others suffer, so it was through an unmanageable horse that he had been allowed to suffer, and in the long weeks that he lay upon his bed, he saw the hand of God in it all.

He now saw the pride and wickedness of his own heart, he saw himself in deep indebtedness to his Creator, and had nothing wherewith to repay it.

He therefore went with a broken spirit and a contrite heart into the shelter provided for such as he; he did not quarrel with his destiny, but bore all without murmur, and grieved only because of his wife and children.

In the meantime, the years had brought changes at Rothenfels. The daughters, with the exception of Bertha, were married, and the sons also were in homes of their own.

The baron had grown bald and stout, and had received distinguished honors from his prince. The baroness was but little changed, was still beautiful, and had the same kind heart, was loving and beloved by all; but was an invalid, unable to go out.

The blindness of Bertha was the greatest trial the parents ever had. The misfortune to his loved daughter had stirred the baron's heart as perhaps nothing else could have done. He had consulted celebrated oculists, but one and all assured him that the nerves were destroyed, and it was useless to hope.

Bertha was so sweet tempered, gentle, and patient with her affliction, that it lightened the sorrow of her parents, particularly as she was able to go about the castle and grounds alone and enjoy the perfume of the flowers, without regret that she could not see them.

She had great talent for music, and would practice hours upon the harp and piano, and sing with sweet, clear voice, and when her parents wished to place her in an institution for the blind, she said not a word in opposition, but was anxious to learn all that was taught there.

At seventeen years of age Bertha had returned to the castle an accomplished musician, an adept in all accomplishments taught in the institution, and better than all, it was with her as if Jesus had laid His hand upon her spirit and bade it receive sight; for although the beautiful world was all darkness to her, she dwelt in the light of a renewed life, as one of the Saviour's chosen ones.

The next day after her return to the castle, the baron gave her a yearly income which she was to use just as she saw fit. He gave her also a suite of rooms, furnished to suit her own taste, and a maid to wait upon her. He then led her to the window and described to her a

phaeton which he had bought for her, also a pair of cream-colored ponies, as gentle as kittens. Her pleasure in it all was much increased when told that her coachman was to be Heinrich, the old shepherd who had saved the baron's life, and was absolved from all work except to attend the ponies and to drive Fraulein Bertha when she wished to go out.

Bertha thanked her father gratefully for all his goodness, and told him that his love, as evinced by his gifts, was dearer to her than all else.

From that day the carriage and ponies of the blind Fraulein were a frequent sight upon the large estate of Rothenfels, and in the village of Schafhausen.

The old women looked from the doors of their cottages, the children stopped to gaze at the pretty conveyance as long as it remained in sight, and the sick upon their beds listened eagerly for the roll of the wheels which never failed to stop at their doors, and leave delicacies from the castle, the kindness which prompted the gift giving as much pleasure as the gift itself.

The first Sunday after Fraulein Bertha's return from the institution, the people of Schafhausen had crowded to their windows to see a new sight. Some clasped their hands in surprise, while some of the older ones gave thanks to God.

It was nothing more nor less than that the carriage containing the young Fraulein Bertha von Hartenstein was on its way to the church of Schafhausen, which although a pleasant sight, would have been no surprise had

it not also contained the baron who was never seen inside the church upon Sunday.

In the morning Bertha had sent a servant to ask her father if he would confer the honor and pleasure upon her of accompanying her to church in her new phaeton.

Had she made the request in person, there would have been no end to questions and objections, but by a servant he simply returned the message that he would go, and Bertha's sweet face glowed with joy.

As they drove along toward the village, she told her father how the Lord's Days were passed in the institution, told him of the religious instruction, and the sermons to which she had listened.

The baron would have been bored by such conversation had the narrator been any one but his blind daughter; but his heart went out in such pity and sympathy for her, that he rejoiced in anything that interested her; and when, upon their homeward way, she spoke in appreciative terms of the sermon, he was glad that he could agree in her opinion.

Fraulein Bertha did not let it end there, but the next Sunday she again sent a servant to ask the honor and pleasure of her father's company to church, and the baron could not refuse, for her sake. Besides, he began to take pleasure in going, the tedium of a day unemployed was a thing of the past, and the baroness was rejoiced to see him willing to accompany Bertha.

The blind girl's influence did not stop there. She established a sewing school in Schafhausen, and the children were taught to make garments, which their parents bought at a nominal price, and in every way she helped the poor afflicted, her lovely face being a benediction to those who looked upon it.

The baron was fond of music, and his happiest hours were when, in the twilight of a summer day, or before the glowing grate on winter evenings, he listened to her sweet voice in song.

He loved the oratorios of Handel and Bach, and when Bertha sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or "Comfort, comfort Zion," he felt all care removed from his heart.

Bertha's singing was not only evidence of great talent, it was the outpouring of a happy heart from a pure, unselfish Christian life.

In this, Bertha had no plan to influence her father. She did not place herself above him in spiritual affairs, nor harbor a thought of imperfection in him, but took it for granted that in all things he thought as she did. In her mind he was all that was noble and good, and worthy of imitation, and she strove to be a cheerful companion to one who was so kind to her.

One of the daughters of Baron von Hartenstein had married Count Treuhirt, and lived upon a large estate in an adjoining district.

Count Treuhirt was noble by birth and nature, a worthy descendant of a long line of pious ancestors whose portraits lined the walls of the gallery of his castle.

Upon parchment were traced back sixteen generations to the time of the Crusades, when for conscience sake, a stately peasant, noted for his great strength, had become a pilgrim to the Holy Land, had built a habitation there, had cared for the worn and weary pilgrims, had served them, washed their travel-stained feet, and given them all the comforts he could.

The kaiser remembered *noblesse oblige*—the noble shall be ennobled—he bestowed a title of nobility upon him, and because the peasant had dedicated his habitation to the true Shepherd, so the kaiser gave his family the title of Treuhirt—true shepherd.

There was a portrait of this Crusader, Count Treuhirt, which had turned dark with age, but in the eyes there was an expression not of this world, and when the Count Treuhirt who was the baron's son-in-law, looked into those eyes, he resolved to be worthy of that great ancestor, and that his whole life should be a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in trying to do all he could for the good of others.

This brother-in-law was a great assistance to Fraulein Bertha in her benevolent enterprises, and also a worthy example to the baron. In truth, he was an example to all the property holders, not only to the best interests of the land as to drainage, crops, and forestry, but also in sowing that which brought forth fruit to eternal life.

His first efforts upon taking possession of title and ancestral home, was to abolish Sunday labor; and in

spite of sneers, jests, and expostulations from all sides, no work was done upon his estate upon that day. In order to accomplish this, a half day out of each week was given his working people, that they might cultivate their gardens, and do needed work in their cottages, for the comfort of their families.

Other property owners shook their heads derisively, and said that style of farming would not succeed, but the count kept in mind that he must be a true shepherd.

Thus it was that no smell of baking bread came from the ovens of his working people on the Lord's Day, no cultivating of gardens, but out of the doors came neatly dressed cottagers on their way to Schafhausen church, and when the carriage containing the count and his family drove up, and he walked up the long path past the cottage once occupied by Dorothy, there were smiles and greetings, and uplifted hats from those gathered about the church.

The count had made frequent visits to England, and from the great estates of the nobility he had learned much in regard to benefiting his laborers. He built neat cottages for them, gave them land for gardens, and a place to keep poultry.

He provided amusements upon the estate for the young people, that they need not wish to leave the place to seek it, and a school for the children of his laborers, with a good teacher and plenty of books.

By his way of proceeding, his working people lost the servile look which he disliked; they were manly and

self-reliant, and if the young men upon his estate wished to marry and have homes of their own, he made no objection, but gave them good cottages, and helped them commence their new life in peace and content. Upon his estate there was no "Sangsi."

The baron was much annoyed by the management of his son-in-law, but as time passed on and he saw that the estate was not going to ruin, he said no more, particularly as Bertha agreed with the count in all his plans for the improvement and elevation of his laborers.

At length it was reported among the villagers that the Baron von Hartenstein had grown melancholy; he took but little interest in his great estate, and he seldom drove about over it as had been his wont.

The truth was, he had begun to see that he had not acted conscientiously with his working people, had not helped them in a worldly sense, nor attended to their spiritual advancement.

He called to mind his treatment of Matthias Oehm, as well as of many others, and it all lay like a burden upon his soul. Only the sweet hymns of Bertha could afford him pleasure.

In the meantime, Matthias in Sangsi had laid aside his crutches and could walk with the help of a cane; and with the assistance of Anna, could make a tolerable support for his family.

He made wooden shoes, plaited straw mats, and made willow baskets and brooms, and his oldest boy sold them in Schafhausen.

They managed to live, and would have been comfortably happy, had they not been surrounded by such wretched people, who apparently had no wish to be any better.

At length Anna took sick, and one evening the phaeton and ponies of the blind Fraulein Bertha were seen standing before the dwelling occupied by the Oehms. This was an unusual sight, and the windows of Sangsi were crowded with the heads of the grown people, and the children clustered about it in mute delight.

Heinrich inquired where Matthias Oehm was to be found, and half a dozen shrill voices gave him the information that his house was the last in the row, while they whispered among themselves, "The blind Fraulein! The blind Fraulein!"

Bertha descended from the carriage, and led by Heinrich to the door, she found her way alone to Anna's bed.

"Oh Fraulein, dear Fraulein Bertha, have you really come to see poor creatures like us?" cried Anna, with the tears streaming from her eyes.

"Yes, and first let me give you something to refresh you," and opening the basket which the coachman had brought in and set down at her feet, she took out an orange already prepared for eating, and gave it to Anna, followed by more solid refreshments. She urged her to eat, while she sat silently by until she finished.

"The room seems very close; it needs more air. Are there no windows in the room?" she asked.

"Yes, gracious Fraulein, but the bed has to be close to the windows, and the air would blow directly upon me."

"Have you no clock, I do not hear the ticking?"

"No, we sold it when Matthias was so long ill."

"Have you any pictures on your walls to rest your eyes and refresh your heart?"

"Yes, one of our dear Saviour, which was given me by dear old Dorothy Burmeister, when I was a child."

"Is it Christ on the Mount?"

"No, Fraulein, it is Christ on the cross."

They talked for some time, then Bertha rose to go.

"Poor Anna," said she, pressing the hand of the sick woman. "I think you have not merited the treatment you have received, and I hope you forgive those who have trespassed against you. Jesus on the cross said: 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do;' so will we, looking to Him, pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.' That is what I pray daily, and I hope you do also."

"I will; I do," said Anna.

"But your husband, Matthias, I have not heard him; is he away from home?"

Yes, where was Matthias? He was on his knees in the outer room, praying God to forgive him for causing the blindness of the fair young girl.

Bertha's quick ear detected his sighs, and she passed on her way out, and spoke his name.

"Forgive! Forgive! gracious Fraulein," he said with hot tears in his eyes.

"What can I have to forgive you for?" she asked, in surprise.

"I cannot tell you now," he said in an almost inaudible voice, "but only say that you forgive me, as you hope to be forgiven."

"I do say it with a sincere heart, though I cannot imagine what you have done that requires my forgiveness. Come to the castle, Matthias, I am sure that my father will give you work," saying which she bade a kind goodby, and passed out.

As soon as her carriage was from the door, Matthias told his wife the whole story of his hatred to the baron who he considered had treated him with contempt which he illy deserved, and of the revenge which had caused the blindness of the innocent young fraulein.

Anna was deeply troubled, and they talked long and earnestly over the affair.

"Never has it come home to a human being more surely than it has come to me, that 'Revenge is Mine, saith the Lord,' " said Matthias. "Had I left all to God, and not attempted to take revenge in my own hands, I would have been well and happy in a home on the estate of Rothenfels."

Anna made no reply, but her look encouraged Matthias to explain.

"Had I stopped the horses that night, as I could easily have done, the baron would have been grateful to

me, and rewarded me by acceding to my request. He has rewarded Heinrich for saving his life, and it was at Heinrich's own request, I have since heard, that he remained a shepherd so long."

Anna's eyes were full of tears; she pointed to the picture of Christ upon the cross, and together they prayed that God would forgive their trespasses as they forgave those who trespassed against them.

The next day Matthias went to the castle, and asked to see the Fraulein Bertha, to whom he told the story of his wicked revenge against the baron, and of his bitter repentance, and asked her forgiveness.

"I forgive you freely, freely," she said. "I saw you on the other side of the hedge that bright, moonlight night of the accident, but as you did not try to save us, I said nothing about it, particularly as you were discharged the next day. I had no idea that it was design on your part caused by revenge, but I forgive you freely and fully."

Bertha was not the only one who had heard this confession; the baron was in the next room and heard all. His anger was so great that for a moment he was tempted to rush out and visit corporal punishment upon the offender, but the remembrance of his affliction and Anna's illness stayed his hand. But he could not feel himself equal to seeing Matthias that day; he would wait until he too could say he forgave him.

That evening he and Bertha had a long conversation, and the result was, that a cottage was commenced

upon a pleasant part of the estate for Matthias and his family and when it was completed, Fraulein Bertha furnished it for them, with the full approval of her father.

A lucrative position was given Matthias, and in time he became manager upon the estate, and confidential assistant in the baron's business.

Honored and esteemed, his life and that of his family passed peacefully along, and when prayers ascended from castle and cottage, no petition was more deeply emphasized than "Forgive us our trespases as we forgive those who trespass against us."

CHAPTER VI.

A LESSON FROM "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

Near the parsonage in Schafhausen, there stood a long, low, old-time dwelling, so odd and quaint among the plain cottages, that strangers to the village concluded that it had a history. It had, however, nothing to render it remarkable, except its unique construction and its age; having been built by the great grandfather of the Carl Steinmuller who inhabited it, and was himself a very aged man. He was born there, it was to that house that he brought his young wife the day of their marriage, he had never lived in any other home, and intended remaining there until carried to his quiet resting place in Schafhausen churchyard.

A year before his loved wife had been called to her heavenly home, and Carl Steinmuller would have been desolate, had not Neils Andersen, a sea captain who married his only daughter, been willing to give up his house on an island near the coast, and with his family come to live in the old home.

To the wife of Neils Andersen, it was the greatest pleasure in life to come back to her native village, and the home of her happy girlhood, even if not a duty incumbent upon her. She loved the little excitements of village life,

the sound of familiar voices, the social evenings, the sound of the church bell, the many conveniences of which she was deprived upon the barren island. There was no church upon it, no preacher, no parsonage. To hear a sermon they must go to Schafhausen, or row to a neighboring island, which gave information—by a flag upon a tall pole—that a sermon was to be preached that day.

But to Esther, the only daughter, a sweet, amiable girl of fourteen years, the change was not so pleasant. She loved the sea in all its moods and changes; loved the barren sands upon the shore, the sea birds skimming over the broad expanse, the pure freshness and fragrance of the air. Great and glorious as were all God's works, Esther looked upon the sea as the greatest. Mountains in their solemn splendor and sublimity were to be revered as the work of God's hand, but they lacked life and motion. The sea had life, and with its long deep breath which men called ebb and flow, was to Esther not only grand but mysterious. If in anger it roared and lashed like an enraged animal; if at peace it smiled, and its waves danced like a child at play, or like young lambs in the fields. She considered that there was but one thing greater than the sea, and that was the blue vault above it, which at night sparkled with myriads of diamonds. The first beams of the rising sun caused the small windows in her father's cottage to glisten; upon the shore she could always find something of interest, she felt so free, so buoyant, so untrammelled; above all, it was her native place.

She however, loved her grandfather's house, and was not at all discontented there. Within and without it was a curiosity to her; its quiet nooks and crannies being full of romantic interest. It was built of stone with deep window and door sills, and over the great front door was a stone gable upon which was inscribed, "We build as if we would remain, but we are but guests." The walls of the sitting room were company for Esther because of the fine mural paintings, full-size figures which were so life-like that they seemed almost to breathe.

One of the ancestors of Carl Steinmuller, who was a patron of art, employed an artist to decorate his walls for all time; and successive generations realized the value of the paintings, and would have considered it vandalism to disturb the work of by-gone times. One wall was taken up with the representation of the "Tempting of Adam and Eve," an apple tree being in the centre from which hung luscious apples, the tempter in the form of a serpent near at hand, and the words, "Lead us not into temptation," in a scroll underneath. The lovely face of Eve had a great fascination for Esther, the mild blue eyes raised toward her handsome husband, as through rich foliage which almost hid them from view, they were coming to meet their fate.

But the representation upon the opposite wall had the greatest charm for Esther. It was Cain and Abel with a background of forest trees, and under it the inscription, "Deliver us from evil." The innocent face of Abel with his deep blue eyes and golden hair reminded

her of Thilo, the son of Mother Anna their next neighbor on the island, and the dark countenance of Cain reminded her of Leopold, the foster brother of Thilo. These boys were her playmates from babyhood, and Mother Anna's cottage was as free to her as to them, or as was her own home.

About her grandfather's sitting room were many foreign shells, and other treasures which Neils Andersen had brought from his long sea voyages as presents to Esther and her little brother Rudolph. Adjoining this apartment was a bedroom occupied by Carl Steinmuller, now grown feeble; only moving from his bed to a chair in the sitting-room. Over his door was an inscription, "Spread out thy loving arms, oh Jesus, my King, and deliver me from evil!"

These were the beauties within the dwelling; outside there were two lilac bushes, one on each side of the door which led to the garden at the back of the house. This garden was brilliant with flowers in their season, and at the foot of it was a summer house covered with creeping vines. This spot Esther thought the prettiest in Schafhausen. There she sat and read, and there Rudolph had his toys and games.

One morning Esther was in the arbor, when she heard voices outside the hedge surrounding the garden, which she recognized as those of Thilo and Leopold, and she ran to the gate to meet them. They often rowed across from the island to visit the Andersens, and Esther in particular was always rejoiced to see them; but this

morning there seemed to be some strife between them, their tones being loud and excited.

They had found a casket on the shore made of some beautiful foreign wood inlaid with silver. They had brought it to Esther to decide which had the best right to it; Thilo having seen it first, but Leopold, being the swiftest runner, had been first to grasp it. She had always been umpire between them when any dispute arose, but this box was valuable, and she would not decide in favor of either.

"Take it to Mother Anna, she will tell you what is right," she said.

This did not meet with the wishes of Leopold. He said that Esther must decide, and he would abide by no opinion but hers.

"I will open the casket and see what there is in it," he continued, and drawing a strong bladed knife from his pocket he pried the lid and the three looked eagerly upon the contents. At first glance they appeared to be only letters closely written, which Leopold grasped in his hand and scattered to the winds. Under the paper which lined the casket, Esther's quick eye discovered that something was concealed. Leopold also noticed it, and raising the lining, he took out a gold chain, a gold cross, and a ring with a ruby set amid pearls.

"There is a piece for each of us," he said. I will keep the chain, Thilo can have the cross, and Esther, the ring."

Thilo took the cross, but Esther refused the ring unless Mother Anna gave consent, the boys to bring a report when they came the next time.

"No, go with us now," said Leopold, "our boat is waiting on the shore."

"Yes, Esther, go ask your mother. I know she will be willing, and we will bring you back as soon as mother decides."

The mother gave consent, and Mother Anna was surprised to see the treasure the boys had found, and through it all she saw the domineering spirit of Leopold, but she said nothing before the others, but waited until they should be alone. She was always tender of the feelings of the orphan whom her husband had rescued from a shipwreck, and who had given her a great deal of trouble by his sullen, melancholy temperament. He was quite as handsome as Thilo, though very different in appearance, and the scowl of discontent was never absent from his face.

"Of course, Esther can keep the ring, and she will take good care of it, but I think you boys should leave the chain and cross with me for safe keeping," decided Mother Anna.

Thilo assented immediately, and passed the cross to his mother; while Leopold made no reply, but looping the chain in the buttonhole of his vest, asked them to notice how it sparkled in the sun, and Mother Anna knew that it would be useless to say more.

When Neils Andersen's family lived upon the Island, it had been their custom to pass each Christmas Day at the grandfather's, in Schafhausen, and Thilo and Leopold were always invited to be of the party. Now that the Andersens were living at the grandfather's, the boys were invited as usual, and gladly accepted the invitation. It had been the rule, also, that the afternoon of the day preceding Christmas should be spent at the parsonage on one of the neighboring small islands, and Esther's first Christmas holidays as a resident of Schafhausen was not to be an exception.

It had been a mild winter, and even at Christmas the weather was not too cold for Esther to be a guest at the parsonage, so it was arranged that the boys would row across for her, take her to the Christmas Eve festivities, and upon their return to their island she would remain over night with Mother Anna.

This arrangement suited Esther well, and as soon as dinner was finished at Mother Anna's they stepped into the boat. Leopold was an expert oarsman and insisted upon rowing, so Thilo sat upon the board which formed the only seat in the boat, and they scudded quickly across, all singing a Christmas carol which Esther had learned in the school of Johannes Friedman; the sweet sounds heard far out over the sea. By the time it was finished Leopold had brought the boat to the foot of the garden path that led to the parsonage. The pastor came out to receive them, and conducted them to the sitting

room, where quite a large number of children were gathered.

His wife was putting the finishing touches upon the Christmas tree in the parlor adjoining, and as soon as she came out and welcomed the new arrivals, the door was thrown open, and the Christmas tree in a blaze of light greeted their eager vision, and all flocked in to stand about the table upon which it stood; the room darkened, that the tapers might shine the more brilliantly.

Everything upon the tree was made by the deft fingers of the pastor's wife, as were the many varieties of cakes that stood under it in plates and baskets, and were to be given the guests to take home with them after they had partaken of the good and substantial supper; and with the cakes were to go red-cheeked apples from the barrel sent the pastor by Herr Konig. It was a happy, cheery time; at the pastor's request, they sang "O, the blessed, blessed Christmas-tide," after which his wife told them the story of the blessed Jesus, then left them to enjoy their afternoon together while she prepared the evening meal, that they might all be safe in their homes before darkness set in.

Mother Anna accompanied Esther and the boys the next day to Schafhausen, where the two families passed a charming Christmas in the old-time dwelling of Carl Steinmuller.

A few evenings after, Esther was standing in the door which led to the garden, enjoying the fresh air from the sea, and looking at the crescent moon low on the

horizon, when she heard a footstep, and in a few minutes Leopold came around the corner of the house from the street.

"Why, Esther," said he, his dark face breaking into a smile, "I am glad to find you alone, that I may be first to tell you good news. Thilo and I received a letter from the captain, telling us to be ready to sail for Greenland the first week in March, and I hurried over to tell you before Thilo got a chance. You will not forget me Esther, when I am gone?"

"No, no, Leopold, you are both like dear, kind brothers to me. I am sorry that you did not tell Thilo you were coming. I am sure he will be disappointed, and cannot come, now that you have brought the boat to this side."

A frown darkened the handsome features of Leopold, and bidding her a curt good evening he hurried away, and she went in to read to her grandfather.

Communion was held in the church of Schafhausen that week, and Esther and Thilo became members, they, with Leopold, having been in the pastor's Bible class for more than a year. He, too, was solicited to cast his lot with God's people, but answered only by a negative nod and sullen silence.

The day before the boys were to sail, the pastor called to see them at Herr Steinmuller's, having seen them pass the parsonage on their way there. He plead with them to keep Christ in their hearts, and to keep their lives free from sin; no more was necessary than

this. Esther and Thilo were deeply moved, but Leopold listened with undimmed eyes, his thoughts fixed upon his voyage, with new scenes and new people.

The day they sailed, they again rowed over to Schafhausen to bid their friends goodbye, and to fetch Esther to accompany Mother Anna to the boat to see them off, and Esther was glad to go. Mother Anna was glad to have her cheerful presence in the home which would soon be feeling the loss of boyish footsteps and voices, and only wished she could keep her always.

"God bless thee and keep thee from all evil, my precious son," she said as she kissed Thilo goodbye on the shore.

"Come, Thilo," called Leopold, who was already in the boat, thus avoiding leave-taking, and Thilo hurried away, his blue eyes full of tears. The moment he was in, the boat was pushed off, and it glided swiftly over the sea to the vessel. Then Leopold stood and waved his tarpaulin to the waiting ones on the shore, his night-black hair tossed by the wind and his dark face glowing with anticipation.

Mother Anna and Esther stood watching the vessel until it appeared a speck upon the sea, Andrew, the old serving man who had rowed them to the vessel and returned, standing with them; then all went back to the cottage.

Upon this journey to Greenland the difference in the dispositions of the boys was much more evident than upon the land. In adroitness, dexterity, and skill, Leo-

pold was a born sailor. He ran the ropes like a squirrel, was brave in time of a storm, and was prompt and punctual in his duties. But his proud, sullen, and obstinate disposition called forth many a reprimand from the commander, while Thilo's obedience and cheery disposition endeared him to all. He had many favors shown him, which being withheld from Leopold caused bitter jealousy, and in time he scarcely spoke a pleasant word to his foster brother.

One morning the old serving man of Mother Anna was sent to bring Esther to the island, for Thilo and Leopold were expected daily, and Mother Anna knew that it would be a joy to all to have her there to welcome them.

Esther had a charming day with her loved friend, and toward evening went down to the shore, and cast her eyes over the blue expanse of the North sea. She had stood there but a short time when she noticed a tiny speck upon the dancing waves, and soon discovered it to be a boat in which were two persons, and to her delight recognized Thilo and Leopold. "They are coming! They are coming!" she cried, running back to the cottage, and Mother Anna, with tears of joy in her eyes, hurried to the shore.

It was a happy meeting, the boys rejoicing to see the homely cottage again. Thilo had grown somewhat taller, and was browned by exposure to sun and wind, but was as cheery and light-hearted as when he left. Leopold had grown handsomer, but had still the reserved de-

meanor which had always characterized him. They were surprised to see Esther so much taller, and both in their hearts considered her more beautiful than ever.

"I know you thought of us, dear mother, in storm and sunshine," said Thilo tenderly, as they walked arm-in-arm toward the cottage, "and I hope Esther thought of us, too."

"You were seldom out of our thoughts, and when the minister in his prayers mentioned the seamen, we could only think of you and Leopold."

As soon as they reached the cottage, the boys opened their traveling satchels, and Thilo gave his mother many presents, all useful and pretty; but Leopold brought her nothing, as if wishing to prove to her that her loving care of him from infancy was in his eyes no more than a duty which she could not evade. He brought Esther a beautiful kerchief with embroidered border, and Thilo's gift was a handsome hymn book with her name engraved upon the clasp. Esther was delighted that both remembered her with pretty gifts, and was careful to thank them exactly in the same manner, and to show no more pleasure over the gift of Thilo than that of Leopold.

The boys were to remain upon the island during the autumn and winter, and in the spring were to sail for China. During the winter they were to go twice each week to Schafhausen to study navigation with Neils Andersen who, being an experienced sea captain, was entirely competent to teach.

This going to Schafhausen was a great pleasure to the boys; it relieved the monotony of island life, and they loved to be in the company of Esther who by her father's wish studied navigation with them, although it might never be of practical use.

Another great attraction there was the little brother Rudolph, a ruddy-cheeked, sunny-haired boy of six years, a laughing, jovial little lad, the delight of his old grandfather, and the pride and joy of Niels Andersen. His winning ways had endeared him to the villagers, and he was welcome everywhere.

Thilo and Leopold were to sail the early part of April, and one bright morning the last week in March they rowed across to Schafhausen, for the mere pleasure of being upon the water. They had no errand either to the home of the Andersen's or any other place in the village, so stopped on the shore, where they found little Rudolph gathering pebbles.

"Let us get him into a boat and take him out rowing," said Leopold.

"Oh, no," answered Thilo, "Frau Andersen would be angry. She is not willing for him to go on the sea, unless with experienced seamen, and is not willing, even, for him to wade in the creek near Schafhausen."

"Oh, bother!" cried Leopold impatiently. "We know as much about rowing as anyone; all he has to do is to sit quietly in the boat, and what could possibly happen to him?"

"Oh, pray don't ask him to go," pleaded Thilo; "not only his mother but all of them will be angry if we take him without permission."

Opposition was all that was needed to make Leopold determined to take the boy if he could persuade him to go. The moment they reached the shore Rudolph ran to meet them with outstretched arms.

"Come, Rudolph," said Leopold, "you know that you are to be a sailor like your papa, and you should begin to learn to scull a boat. Come, you shall have the oars in your own hand."

"But mamma does not want me to go on the water with anyone but papa," said Rudolph, looking regretfully at the boat dancing and bobbing on the glistening wavecapped sea.

"No," said Thilo, "a good boy will always obey his parents; don't go, Rudolph."

"But she never told you not to go with us," said Leopold artfully. "You know that we have studied all about it with your father, and understand it as well as he does. She never told you not to go with us, did she?"

"No, she never said that," replied Rudolph, advancing a step toward the boat.

"Because she never for a moment supposed that we would be dishonorable enough to ask you, or that you would be disobedient enough to go," said Thilo.

Rudolph stepped back and looked irresolute. It had now become a contest of skill between Leopold and

Thilo, and Leopold was determined not to be vanquished. His handsome face glowed with eager resolve; he had always come off victorious in combats with Thilo, and this case should not be an exception.

"Come, Rudolph," said he, holding out his arms; "come, we will have a splendid row, and you shall be oarsman."

He took the boy's hand to lead him to the boat, and Rudolph was about to go, when Thilo took him by the other hand and looked pleadingly into his face.

"No, I must not go; mother would not be willing," he said, pulling his hand free from Leopold. But, aroused by opposition, the temper of Leopold would now brook no denial. He took Rudolph up in his arms, ran with him to the boat, and placing him upon the seat put the oars in his hand.

"Will you come with us, Thilo?" he exclaimed exultantly, "or do you wish to mope upon the shore?"

"Yes, I will go to take care of Rudolph," replied Thilo, stepping into the boat, which was immediately pushed off.

All went well for a time. Leopold stood behind Rudolph and guided his hands, but at length the little arms grew weary; he arose to give Leopold his place and in trying to reach Thilo, he stumbled. At that moment the boat gave a lurch, and he fell overboard. Both boys turned pale with horror, and Thilo without a moment's hesitation sprang into the water at the spot where Rudolph had sunk, while Leopold held the boat steady

and gazed anxiously into the water, hoping to see Rudolph rise to the surface. But he never came, and it was with great difficulty that he helped Thilo into the boat, who was almost incapable of helping himself, having nearly lost his life in the effort to save Rudolph.

"Let us go immediately ashore and tell his parents and Esther," said Thilo, the moment that he was recovered sufficiently from his exhaustion to speak. "I cannot bear to think of their anguish when they hear it," and he wept and wrung his hands despairingly.

"They shall never know it from us," said Leopold, with a face as white as that of his companion. "It was an accident, we are not to blame for it."

"Not to blame for it! Oh, Leopold, you forced the poor little boy to go."

"And you intend to turn sneak, and tell on me to save yourself, by putting Esther and all of them against me," sneered Leopold bitterly.

"No, it is not that, but they must be told; it would be adding cruelty to wickedness never to let them know what became of the little boy. They would rather know that he is dead, than stolen by some evil person."

"They shall not be told," said Leopold his face darkening ominously and his eyes blazing with anger. "Neils Andersen's family knew that Rudolph came to the beach to gather pebbles: they will think that he has fallen into the sea. No one knew that we were coming here to-day, no one saw us. The boy is drowned, and it will not bring him to life to know that he fell from a

boat into the sea, instead of from the shore as they will suppose. It will be of no benefit to them and a lasting disadvantage to us; they shall *not* be told."

"But I cannot live burdened by such a secret; I could never go to Neils Andersen's house again," moaned Thilo.

"Well, you need not go," replied Leopold coldly. "I suppose they could exist without seeing you."

"But I will tell them," cried Thilo, stirred to anger, in addition to his agony of mind; "it was your fault. I tried to keep him from going, and you know it."

"That is why you are anxious to play the good little boy, and run to tell them," said Leopold sneeringly; "if you had been equally to blame you would not be so willing to tell how it happened."

"You know that is not true, Leopold; you did not intend to harm the boy when you asked him to go; you only intended to give him pleasure. You are not to blame, only for tempting him at first to disobey his mother, and then forcing him to do it. Oh," he continued in anguished tones, "I must tell them, I must."

"If you do," exclaimed Leopold, coming toward him, with fist clinched and eyes blazing with passion, "you shall suffer for it the longest day you live. Now let us go back to the island, and do you keep out of sight of your mother until your clothes are dry or she will be asking questions that will be hard to answer."

To their great relief, when they reached the cottage they found that Mother Anna had been summoned to

sit with a sick neighbor for the day, as a message left upon the table informed them, and the old serving man had gone to help a neighbor with some work. Thilo dried his clothes by the kitchen fire without being questioned, but his heart ached for the sorrow in the old home of Carl Steinmuller in Schafhausen.

CHAPTER VII.

A LESSON FROM "DELIVERS US FROM EVIL."

The body of little Rudolph was never found, and the sorrow in the dwelling of Neils Andersen was past expression. It would have been a consolation could they have had his grave to visit in the church-yard of Schafhausen. But this was not to be, they knew not in what spot he had found a resting-place, and the wild waves of the North Sea kept the secret well.

As soon as the news of the boy's disappearance reached the island, Leopold hurried to the boat and rowed over to Schafhausen to see if he could be of any assistance. Thilo could not find strength to go, for which Leopold was truly thankful. He resolved to use all his efforts to keep him away until the excitement subsided, fearing that in some moment of grief he would make a confession, which would place Leopold in a different light than he wished to be viewed by Esther and her parents.

The Andersens did not feel surprise at his absence; they knew him to be very tender-hearted and deeply attached to the lost boy; so when Leopold explained that nothing but his grief kept him away, they believed it, and the reason given was confirmed by Mother Anna

who came to be all the help and comfort possible to the afflicted family.

In this time of trouble, the lessons in navigation were suspended, and as the boys would set sail in less than two weeks for a three years' voyage to China and India, Leopold made up his mind to prevent a disclosure. He managed that Thilo should never, during that time, visit Schafhausen without him, and by threats, taunts, and constant watchfulness prevented him from telling Mother Anna; so no one knew but themselves for long years that Rudolph had not fallen into the sea while gathering pebbles.

The day came when they were to sail, and again Mother Anna and Esther stood upon the shore and saw them rowed to the main land, from whence they were to go to Hamburg, and with tears and hopes for a safe return, bade them farewell, and again watched them out of sight. It was a great happiness to Mother Anna that the captain of the "Mandarin" was an earnest, God-fearing man, beloved by the sailors; she rejoiced that the boys would be under the influence of a Christian man when from under the home roof. As upon the former voyage, the difference in the dispositions of Thilo and Leopold was soon discovered, and while the former was praised for his skill, it was Thilo who won the good-will of the men.

Nearly three years had passed. The "Mandarin" had made a successful voyage, had parted with its cargo, and had collected from its various stopping places a re-

turn cargo of spices from India, and other foreign products, and was upon its return trip. During all the time spent upon the sea and in the different ports, the conscience of Thilo had been burdened by the secret in regard to little Rudolph, and at times when alone with Leopold, he could not avoid speaking of it. Now, that they were homeward bound, his longing grew greater to gain the consent of Leopold to allow him to divulge the secret, and the stronger grew Leopold's determination to prevent it.

The journey had been prosperous, but at length there came up a terrible storm, which raged without intermission for two days and a night. The second night the blackness of darkness descended upon the sea, and there was a lull in the storm which did not give encouragement to those who were battling with the elements. The captain stood by the compass, his immovable features giving no evidence of what was passing in his mind. The sails were all reefed, and the vessel was alternately upon the waves and down in the trough of the sea. It was so dark that it was only by sounding that they could keep aloof from the shore, which they knew was not far away. At length the vessel became unmanageable, they were at the mercy of the waves, were driven ashore, and striking upon rocks the vessel parted in twain, the stern sinking immediately.

Thilo and Leopold were thrown into the sea, and in their peril, their thoughts flew to their island home and the loved ones in Schafhausen. A prayer arose

to the lips of Thilo; he gave up all as lost, while Leopold, with his imperious, determined will, resolved to save his life in spite of the overwhelming waves. They were skilled and experienced swimmers, but Thilo was not so enduring as Leopold; and when a large plank from the wreck came near them, though able to grasp it, he had not strength to lift himself out of the water into a place of comparative security upon it, as Leopold had done.

"Help me, brother," he said; "I cannot lift myself to the plank."

Leopold looked upon the ashy face lifted to him, and then at the hand holding to the plank, and upon the finger was a ring with the ruby set around with pearls. He had been present when Esther offered it to whichever of the two wished to wear it upon this voyage, and, unaccountably to himself, he had declined it, thus allowing Thilo to accept. The sight of it now called up thoughts of Schafhausen, and the tempter, always at hand, whispered: "If Thilo dies, the secret of Rudolph's death dies with him; and the world will not know that you could have helped him and did not;" Leopold listened to the tempter, and offered no helping hand.

Thilo was almost exhausted; a moment later the hand upon which was the ruby ring let go its hold upon the plank, and Thilo sank from sight. Leopold turned his gaze to the other side; he was alone upon the angry sea; no eye upon him save that of his Maker.

Mother Anna, in the three years' absence of her boys, had passed some lonely hours. In the early part of the time she had not the heart to send for Esther who was needed at home to comfort her parents and her aged grandfather. But as time passed on and their grief grew less poignant, she ventured to send Andrew to Schafhausen, asking her to come, and she gladly returned in the boat with him, to remain several days.

One evening they were sitting by the fire, talking, as ever, of the absent ones, when Herr Deikman, from one of the neighboring cottages, came in and instantly they felt that he was the bearer of sad news. He spoke of the weather and of other subjects, in a desultory and absent-minded way, until Esther could bear suspense no longer.

"Herr Deikman, you have come to tell Mother Anna some ill news; what is it?" she asked.

"I was in Hamburg yesterday," he said, relieved that the way was opened for his communication, "and in the counting-house of a shipping merchant heard that the 'Mandarin' was shipwrecked, and all on board were lost."

Mother Anna gave a cry of despair, and broke into bitter weeping; while Esther, pale, but composed, tried to comfort her by saying, that the first reports of a catastrophe were always exaggerated; that no doubt some of the men were saved, and who more likely than Thilo and Leopold, both expert swimmers.

The neighbor after a few words of sympathy and encouragement to hope for the best, left the cottage, and all night long Mother Anna and Esther sat by the embers and talked of the loved ones.

The next morning, at the earnest solicitation of Mother Anna, Esther went to Schafhausen to see if any more information had been received, and Neils Andersen went immediately to Hamburg to get what particulars could be obtained. It was not only on Mother Anna's account, but Esther's that Neils was anxious to go, for she was the promised wife of Leopold, and her parents sympathized in her anxiety. She endured great suspense during his absence, and when he returned it gave place to despair, for he could give no hope. He had seen and conversed with several sailors who were on the "Mandarin," and it was their belief that no one but themselves were saved. Esther returned to the island and remained with Mother Anna several weeks, to comfort and console the afflicted woman for the loss of her all; she, too, mourning deeply for the loss of the two dear friends of her childhood and youth, one of whom was to pass through life at her side.

One evening after her return to Schafhausen, she was sitting in the arbor at the foot of the garden. The sun was just setting, and its beams cast a rosy glow over tree and shrub, causing the pale face of Esther to wear its former look of health and happiness. She was weary in body and mind; weary of watching and hoping, of thinking and weeping; she longed for comfort and

rest. A shadow darkened the door, and glancing up she saw Leopold; pale and worn, but joy of joys, it was her loved Leopold! With a cry of surprise and happiness, she sprang to meet him, then her strength forsook her, and she would have fallen had he not prevented. Without a word, he took her in his arms and bore her into the dwelling and placed her in a large chair.

"Where is Thilo?" she asked in a whisper; "his mother longs and weeps for him."

Leopold strove to reply; his gaze rested upon the mural painting of Cain and Abel, and with his face blanched by some sudden remembrance, he rose and went with averted face from the room, while Esther and her parents looked in mute astonishment after him. When he returned, Esther had risen from her place and was looking from the window.

"If you can bear it now, I will tell you the story of the shipwreck," said he.

Esther nodded in the affirmative, and resumed her seat, while the parents and grandfather listened with sad interest to the story.

He described the terrible storm, the striking of the vessel against the rock, the wreck, and the jumping of the sailors into the sea; of his swimming about until almost exhausted; of his finding the plank, and his great difficulty in getting a foothold upon it, and in retaining his place amid the rush and roar of the waves; of his suffering from hunger, thirst, and exposure; of his calling to a passing vessel when daylight came, and his dis-

tress of mind when it passed by unobserved: then of his joy when the next day he saw another vessel, he waved his coat and shouted until they sighted him, when they put out a boat and took him in. It was a barque bound for a foreign port, and he had to work his passage, but that was a light matter to one whose life was saved as if by almost a miracle.

Leopold told the story in a tone of deep depression, and his listeners were moved to tears. In truth, his whole manner seemed changed, the old, self-sustaining arbitrary ways were gone. He appeared like one who had not only seen much suffering, but was a prey to some great mental trouble; but throughout, he made no allusion to Thilo, and they refrained from questioning.

"You will surely stay with Mother Anna, now," suggested Esther, "you will not try the sea again?"

"Yes, I made up my mind while on the homeward journey to go to Hamburg to study for an examination and diploma in seamanship."

Neils Andersen's family had almost to suggest that he should go immediately to the island to see Mother Anna, he appeared so loath to go; the family crediting him with a natural reluctance to revive her grief by seeing him return without Thilo.

"You can take my boat," remarked Neils, giving him the key of the boat house; "stay as long as you wish, I shall not need it to-day."

"Will you go with me, Esther?" he asked, almost in a tone of supplication.

"Surely she will," said her mother; "she will be welcomed by Mother Anna in this pleasure and grief."

Esther was soon ready, and in a few moments they had reached the sea, and their light boat was bounding toward the island. To the surprise and relief of both, the sight of Leopold gave unmingled joy to Mother Anna.

"If you were saved, so also is my Thilo," she said, raising her eyes in gratitude to the Master in whom she trusted, "Yes, he is saved, and I have firm faith that I shall see him before I am called hence."

Leopold told her the same story that he had told Neils Andersen's family, and, like them, she did not question him in regard to Thilo, for the reason that he had added that the plank floated to him and that he was alone upon it, and remained alone until picked up by the barque.

On their way back to Schafhausen, it was decided that when he had finished his studies in Hamburg, they would be married, if Esther's parents agreed; and as they reached the old home he asked them, and they gave full and free consent.

He remained a week upon the island, passing much of his time with Neils Andersen, at Schafhausen, to whom he was like a loving and helpful son. He attended the Schafhausen church services faithfully, and Esther rejoice in the change for the better in him.

This was not hypocritical in Leopold; he was truly repentant of his crime in regard to Thilo, and in the

solemn, quiet night watches, the question would come to him: "Where is thy brother?" and he would try to still the voice of conscience by covenanting with himself that his whole life should, by good deeds, atone for his sin against his foster-brother, and against Mother Anna whose care and devotion to him from childhood had been so illy rewarded.

He was changed, but it could not be considered true repentance. His heart was as yet untouched by the personal love one should have for his Saviour, that loving and pitying Friend who would have given him peace had he in sincerity of soul asked for pardon.

But his thoughts were principally set upon trying to keep his misdeeds from the knowledge of his fellow-men. He dreaded that by some miracle the knowledge of them might reach Esther, for whose sake he had dared so much, and she would refuse to become his wife.

He went to Hamburg, carrying his secret with him, and studied faithfully, not allowing himself to think of the past more than he could help; passed a highly satisfactory examination, and was granted a diploma.

A few weeks after his return to Schafhausen, he and Esther were united in marriage by the pastor of the church in the village, where the grandfather, the parents, and Esther were among the most faithful and consistent of the humble congregation.

It had been the earnest desire of Carl Steinmüller and the parents of Esther, that the young couple should make their home with them. But to this Leopold ob-

jected, giving as a reason, that for the time he could remain upon shore it was his duty to live on the island, that he might be near Mother Anna. This endeared him the more to all; but the truth was, his nerves could not endure the constant sight of the mural painting—"Cain and Abel," and the inscription, "Deliver us from Evil." He feared that his horror of it might lead to suspicion, and from that to discovery of his crime.

It was therefore decided that the cottage of Neils Andersen, only separated from that of Mother Anna by a garden, should be fitted up as a home for Leopold and Esther; and during the time when Leopold's duties as a mariner called him from home, Esther was to return to her grandfather's house in Schafhausen.

Nearly three years passed away from the time they took possession of their neat little home, and during the most of the time Leopold had been making a long voyage to China and India, and was daily expected home. Esther, with her baby daughter, had come from Schafhausen and taken possession of their home on the island, to have it in comfortable order by the time he arrived.

There had been signs of a storm for several days, and the island people were, as usual, somewhat anxious, for unlike many other and larger islands, theirs had no dykes or embankments to protect it from the waves of the sea during a violent storm.

It was late in the afternoon of a dark, lowering day, when the storm broke upon them in all its fury. Without, the world seemed covered with a black pall, the sea

could not be distinguished from the land, and nothing could be heard above the howling of the wind and the roaring of the breakers dashing upon the shore. But within the cottage of Esther the lamp burned clearly, and there was a glowing fire upon the hearth, which lighted miniature fires in the eyes of her and her little daughter, seated before it.

Their frugal supper was finished, and Esther was preparing the little one for her rest in the room overhead. She took the scarlet stockings from the plump and dimpled little feet, put them playfully over the eyes of little Anna, then held them above her head, and with many a turn and twist of the tiny hands, with much laughing and baby prattle, the little girl tried to reach them.

"Now, little one, say your prayers, and mamma will put you in your warm little bed," and the beautiful and intelligent little creature knelt at her mother's knee. She followed the words of her mother in the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, then as usual she closed with, "God bless papa out on the great sea, and bless mamma, and grandpapa and grandmamma, and dear great-grandpapa, and Mother Anna, and everybody, and make me a good child."

All this said with the hands folded, Esther carried her up the narrow stairway and laid her upon the little white-robed cot next her own. Then she laid her hand on her head, and said the prayer which her own mother had said over her all the years of her young life: "Spread

out Thy loving arms, oh Jesus, my King, and deliver her from evil."

Anna slept almost as soon as her head touched the pillow, and the young mother sat beside her, her loving gaze resting upon the placid little face, and listening to the storm without.

She arose, and taking the lamp, descended to the room below, and resumed her work upon the fishing net; the occupation of all the women upon the island during the winter. Mesh after mesh was netted to the already long net, when happening to glance towards the window, she caught a glimpse of a man's face, quickly withdrawn, which caused the blood to almost congeal in her veins, for it was the face of Thilo.

Esther was a true Christian, and too sensible to be superstitious, but a thrill of terror passed over her at the sight of one she had no reason to believe was among the living. Thilo was beneath the dark waters of the sea; yet her convictions told her that it was Thilo, and no other, who had for an instant gazed upon her through the window. Several times she glanced toward it, but saw him no more, and pale and trembling she arose, closed the shutter and drew the blind, and resumed her work. Had the night not been so dark and the storm so terrific, she would have taken her little daughter in her arms and gone to the cottage of Mother Anna; but as it was she dared not venture.

It struck nine o'clock from the little time-piece in the room overhead, and it being her usual time for re-

tiring, she arranged the fire for the night, lighted a lantern, and opening the shutter, placed it upon the window sill, that it might be a guide to any poor tempest-tossed mariner, that being the custom of all dwellers upon the island.

Although the storm had raged all the evening, Esther went to bed feeling comparatively safe, for she knew that the tide went out at 9 o'clock, and after that she thought there would be no danger. Yet thinking that the lower floor might be submerged, she removed all eatables, a pitcher of fresh water, and everything that the sea could damage, to the sleeping room above; then kneeling, she prayed that her husband might be kept in the hollow of her Heavenly Father's hand, and retired to rest.

About 11 o'clock the storm increased to a gale, and Esther arose and dressed to make what plans she could for safety. By the light of her lamp she could see the great waves roll against her frail abode, and the water had reached the ceiling of the room below. Minutes seemed hours to the anxious woman, but she took comfort from the thought that she was in God's hands, and nothing could happen to her save as He willed. She dressed the sleeping Anna, and wrapping a shawl about her, sat down to await whatever was in store for them.

At that moment she heard the grating of something against the corner of the house, and her father's voice calling: "Esther! Esther!"

She ran to the window, and nearly on a level with the sill was a boat, and in it her father and another man who took the sleeping child which Esther reached out to him, and then helped her into the boat.

"It is Thilo," explained Neils Andersen, looking into the terrified face of his daughter; "the sea has given up its booty; it is no spirit, but a living breathing man."

Esther greeted him as a long-lost brother, and then the boat sped as quickly as possible to the dwelling of Mother Anna, which was not only the most substantial house upon the island, but was upon the highest point, and comparatively safe.

At the same hour that the island people were in such distress, a gallant ship was battling with the waves of the North Sea, near the coast. The captain was a young and handsome man, and his bravery in the hour of danger was only equalled by his cool self-possession. He stood at his post, collected, firm, and manly, giving his commands in words and tones which could not be misunderstood. What thoughts were passing through his mind as he stood there, none but himself and his maker knew.

This man was Leopold, and he felt not only anxiety for the fate of his vessel, his men, and himself, which only a miracle could prevent being driven upon the rocks and wrecked, but for his wife and child. The wind that was blowing the vessel upon the dangerous shore, was blowing the waves upon the unprotected little island, and

almost within sight of home and his loved ones, disaster and death confronted him.

The efforts of captain and men had been to keep the vessel out to sea; they were unavailing, it became unmanageable, and at daybreak it struck, and all took to the sea in hope of swimming to shore. Leopold knew the coast from boyhood, and struck out for the spot nearest his home. But his strength was insufficient for his battle with the elements; he believed that his time was come, and in agony of spirit called upon God to save him from death.

Memory of the time when he had seen Thilo struggling for life, and begging him to save him, came like a flash into his mind, and for the first time a feeling of repentance, genuine and sincere, for his great sin against God, thrilled his heart. "God be merciful to me, a terrible sinner, and let me live to atone," was his humble prayer. A moment after, he felt the grasp of a strong hand, and upon it was a ring with a ruby set round with pearls. Two pairs of strong arms lifted him into the boat which had saved Esther and her child, and Leopold was rescued from a watery grave by the man whom he had left to his fate.

There were but few dwellings left upon the island when the storm was over, and those few were crowded with homeless ones.

The dwelling of Leopold and Esther had been washed into the sea, but the home of Carl Steinmuller, in Schafhausen, was eager to receive them, and there

Neils Andersen took them, to the great joy of the mother and grandfather who never expected to see them again. From the mainland went compassionate hearts and generous hands to the relief of the poor islanders, food and clothing, building materials and workmen, and by God's grace, mild weather and sunshine.

As soon as opportunity offered, Thilo told them all his experiences and trials after the shipwreck. He had been picked up by two of the sailors, who found a boat belonging to the ill-fated ship, and they were almost dead from hunger and exposure when they sighted a vessel, which took them on board. It proved to be a pirate craft from the coast of Africa. Thilo and his companions were pressed into service, and by strategy had, after years of endeavor, succeeded in making their escape.

If Thilo suspected that Leopold was guilty of a design against his life, he made not the least sign of his knowledge, but treated him as a loved brother. But Leopold could not rest with the great burden upon his conscience, and one day, with face pale and haggared from a sleepless night of anguish, he told Thilo the whole story.

"I never suspected that you had a design in not trying to save me," said Thilo simply. "I thought that you were too much exhausted to make the effort. May Gor forgive you as freely as I do; it was a fearful crime."

"I have prayed Him to pardon me, and have the blessed assurance that he has done so. I will try to use my remaining days of life in good deeds, thus doing what I can to atone. In return for my wickedness to you, He allowed you to save my life, and that of my wife and my child. You returned good for evil, and I will ever keep this lesson before my eyes. I will praise Him and bless His Holy Name, for keeping me from the life-long remorse which would have been mine."

"And the drowning of little Rudolph, brother," said Thilo hesitatingly, "do they know?"

"Yes, all all. I could not have made Esther my wife, and she in ignorance of my deed."

"They forgave you, I am sure; they are true Christians."

"Freely and fully they forgave me; and now that I have your pardon and love, my life henceforth shall be a song of joy."

It seemed that Carl Steinmuller had only lived until his cup of contentment was filled in having Esther and her loved ones permanently under his roof, and in the home of her ancestors, which was hers by inheritance. On the evening of the day in which Leopold was taken into membership of Schafhausen church, the aged grandfather went joyfully from earth, to be with the Saviour whom he had loved and obeyed for so many years of his pilgrimage.

The mural painting representing Cain and Abel, with the inscription, "Deliver us from evil," was no lon-

ger a painful sight to Leopold; instead it became a reminder of the great peace and joy he felt in being delivered from the evil he had intended against his brother, and of God's mercy in giving him this great joy. They all lived happily in the gabled stone cottage, and Mother Anna and Thilo were frequent guests.

As time passed on, and Thilo saw the happiness of Leopold and Esther, he sought to have a home of his own, and a wife. His choice rested upon Lora Harbst who had been a member of the pastor's Bible class with him and Leopold and Esther, and no one could have been more welcome to Mother Anna. Herr and Frau Harbst were growing old, and Lora wished to be as near them as possible, so Thilo built a pretty cottage on the stream close to the old mill, of which Lora was the mistress. During his absence from home as mate on the vessel of which Leopold was captain, she was near her loved parents, and had Mother Anna with her for company.

No one could be happier than was Mother Anna in the homes of her two sons, where she was welcome and honored guest; and Thilo himself could not be kinder to her than was Leopold, the once passionate, sullen boy, now by the mercy of God an humble, consistent Christian.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LESSON FROM "FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM AND
THE POWER AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER, AMEN."

The boys of the village of Schafhausen had been always accustomed to play in the large yard surrounding the church. Even when Dorothy Burmeister occupied the cottage under the linden, there was no hindrance to their amusement. She loved the sound of their cheery voices; they were all her good friends, and never disturbed her fruit or her flowers, and she never needed to watch. Instead, with the generosity and courtesy of boy nature when justly treated, they did any service they could for her, would go upon errands to the village and elsewhere, and gave her at all times the respect she well merited.

Like all boys the civilized world over, they had their amusements, ball playing, marbles, stilts, kite flying, boating, fishing, and skating, all enjoyed in their season. So surely as the swallows returned to the church tower, the trees began to put forth their tender leaves and the fruit trees in the garden belonging to Dorothy's cottage began to bloom, so surely did the balls begin to fly in the air, and the merry shout of the boys be heard about the church.

For more than half a century the clock in the church tower had been in the care of Samuel, the father of the sexton, and grandfather of Fraulein Hannah, the three living a happy, peaceful life in their cottage near the church. It was his duty and pleasure to oil it, wind it, and keep it in perfect running order, and on Saturday afternoon was his time for paying his weekly visits to the tower.

There was one boy who loved to watch for the aged Samuel from the time he left his cottage with the great key of the church door in his hand, until he saw him at work high above the yard where the boys were playing. This boy was August Wagner, now a clean, well-dressed, well-bred, intelligent lad, all owing to the intimacy allowed him with the family at Kramerhof.

While the other boys never halted a moment in their games to heed Samuel, August watched him come up the path by Dorothy's deserted cottage, unlock the great front door of the church, enter the silent, twilight place, which appeared to August so solemn during the week, and so bright and home-like on Sunday. Then he listened at the closed door to the sound of Samuel's foot-steps until he reached the tower, when August stepped back to the path from whence he could see him at work. For a long time this interest in him and the clock did not attract the attention of Samuel, and likely he might never have been aware of it had not a trial of August brought him out pure gold.

A pane of glass was shattered in Samuel's cottage, caused by a ball thrown by a boy, for August to catch. At the first sound of the breaking glass, the boys, with the exception of August, ran away. He went through the wicket gate, and up the path to the door, and knocked for admittance. He was received by Samuel, to whom he confessed the accident, and promised to bring the glass to replace it. This he did, and also brought a glazier to put it in place. This act of justice was not a freak of good nature and manliness on the part of August, it was the genuine outgrowth of a sense of right, fostered by judicious training.

August was not only under the influence of the pastor and Johannes Friedman, but there was scarcely a day that he was not at Kramerhof, and no one could be in the society of Frau Kramer without being benefited. Her influence over every one was for good, and she took especial interest in the Wagner children, not only for the interest she had in the welfare of every one on the estate, but for the help Frau Wagner had been to her in taking care of the young heir of Kramerhof.

Ever since he could remember, August had been attracted to Samuel, owing to his long, white beard, which reminded him of the picture of Abraham in Frau Kramer's great Bible, when the three angels came to him on the plain of Mamre, or of Isaac when he blessed Jacob. He told Samuel this, which no doubt increased his admiration for August; at all events, it did not lessen it. One Saturday afternoon when Samuel, key in hand,

appeared in the church-yard, August followed him as usual to the church door. "You may go up in the tower with me, boy, if you wish, but none of the others must follow," said Samuel. August was filled with surprise and delight, for such an innovation has never been known as a boy being allowed to enter the church on a week day, above all, the tower where Samuel alone held sway.

At last August would see with his own eyes the inner workings of that monitor which ever since his remembrance had echoed over the hills and dales and the cottages of Schafhausen; at last he would see the swallows in their homes so far above the boys who watched them from the church-yard. It was therefore with a feeling of gratitude for the marked favor shown him that he watched Samuel turn the key in the lock, and when both stepped inside, it was with a feeling of awe that he glanced over the large vaulted room, empty and silent, save for the echo of their footsteps.

They mounted the long, narrow winding steps of the tower, and upon reaching it, Samuel sat down to rest, while August looked from the narrow windows upon the world below, taking a swallow's view of Schafhausen and the surrounding country. His eager glance searched out the factory where his father was sorting rags, doing as efficient work with his one hand as the others were doing with two. He saw the old mill of Hans Harbst, where Gamburger came each evening, and joined in the prayer and praise to the Saviour who had redeemed him; and near it the new cottage of Thilo and Lora. He

singled out the gabled stone dwelling with deep window and door sills, the home of two happy, united families, Neils Andersen, his wife, and Leopold, Esther, and little Anna.

In the distance he saw the turrets and arched windows of Rothenfels, where the blind Bertha was living her useful Christian life; he saw the pretty vine covered cottage of Matthias Oehm and his Anna. Casting his glance toward the hills he saw the cottage where Gretchen still lay upon her couch, happy and contented, because each day of her life held some benefit done to another where Sack Fritz had gone out a self-denying missionary. Nearer at hand was the splendid farm of Kramerhof, with its high, arched entrance, and separated by the field and strip of woodland, the cottage where he was born. He looked down upon the schoolhouse dwelling of Johannes Friedman; at his feet was the cottage of Dorothy Burmeister, and beyond all were the blue waters of the North Sea.

Samuel had gone earlier than usual that day, and allowed August full time to locate these places, seen for the first time spread out like a map before him. At first August was somewhat bewildered; even the boys who were gazing up to him appeared unreal; the swallows, only, that were twittering about him, seemed old acquaintances; but soon he became at home even in the church tower, and Samuel, witnessing his delight, felt that he had done a meritorious thing to invite him. Then Samuel turned his attention to the clock, and the eager

gaze of August followed every movement. Truly the boy found enjoyment in that fragment of time, the memory of which never left him.

Samuel's work was soon finished, and they prepared to descend, Samuel gathering up his implements and placing them neatly in a little leather case, which, as a special favor, he allowed August to carry. When they reached the large open door leading into the church, he paused as if reflecting. "I have something to show you, come this way, if you will."

August followed through the long dim aisle, his footsteps lagging from the awed feeling of being alone except for the company of the old man, until they reached a small door at the side of the high pulpit. This door Samuel unlocked and opened, and a glow of light from the red rays of the setting sun streaming through the stained glass window high above them, almost dazzled the eyes of August. But it cheered him to be in the bright, neat little room, and he stood looking up at the Gothic window through which the light came.

But only for a few minutes; his gaze was soon attracted to a splendid large painting, which stood upon a strong easel exactly opposite the Gothic window. It was a representation of "Christ in the Temple," and was the work of a master hand. The large, dark eyes of the boy expanded with delight, his heart throbbed, his pulses thrilled, his whole form trembled with ecstasy.

"I knew that you would appreciate it," commented Samuel quietly. "I felt sure that **you** would love it as I do."

The glow from the rose-tinted window fell upon the upturned face of the youthful Jesus, the noble features were illuminated with life-like color; and August almost held his breath while gazing upon it.

"Whose it is, and how did it come here?" he asked.

"It is mine, was bequeathed to me by a comrade in arms. There was no room in my son's cottage where it could be kept unharmed, so, years and years ago, the old pastor and the people of this church gave me the privilege of keeping it in this nook. Never, upon any Saturday of my life, do I fail to come here, unlock the door, and sitting upon the pulpit steps watch it until the light leaves the western window, and I can see it no longer."

"So would I if it were mine," said August.

"But, boy," resumed Samuel, "remember that while I admire and love it, it is only with the admiration of a Christian and a lover of art. It is the work of man's hands, therefore I do not worship it, for I remember the command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth; thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them."

An hour passed, and they were yet there conversing in subdued tones; youth and old age in sweet harmony and accord; the teacher and the learner, the aged saint and the spiritually minded seeker after truth; the weary warrior ready to lay down his armor, and the fresh young volunteer eager for the warfare with life.

Then they heard Johannes Friedman ascending the steps to ring the bell, and as its mellow tones pealed forth, Samuel bowed his head, and his lips moved in prayer. "Boy," said he, "that bell ushers in the holy Sabbath day, and as often as you hear it, pray: 'God be merciful to us sinners, for thine is the kingdom; preserve us, dear Father, from fire and floods, from war and pestilence, for Thine is the power; give us a godly life and a peaceful death, and an entrance into thy heavenly home, for Thine is the glory.' Then if your prayer be uttered in sincerity of heart, the answer will be Amen, and Amen!"

This was the first time that August accompanied Samuel to the church on Saturday afternoon, but it was not the last. He was always on the watch about that time, and Samuel never refused his request to accompany him; in truth, it was as much pleasure to him as to August.

When his duties to the clock were completed, they always trod the dim aisle of the church, and unlocking the door of the little room, sat down upon the pulpit steps and looked at the picture. Then would Samuel give his youthful companion chronicles of the village of Schafhausen from the time it commenced to claim the title of village. He told of the pious fathers who planned and built the church and were now resting in its shadow; and to the history of each and all, August listened eagerly.

Thus the years passed, and the picture had made an impression upon the boy that Samuel had not foreseen.

It suggested to his mind the longing to become an artist; and he and Samuel discussed ways and means whereby it might be accomplished. Samuel went a step beyond that; he spoke to his granddaughter Hannah about it, and the next morning she was seen, dressed in her black merino dress, walking to Kramerhof, to have a conversation with its mistress. The subject was the desire of August Wagner to become an artist.

"If the means are all that stand in his way, Fraulein Hannah, they will be forthcoming," answered Frau Kramer promptly. "I will advance the money as quickly for Frau Wagner's son as if he were my own."

"I was sure of it;" replied Fraulein Hannah, her eyes filling with tears of joy; "grandfather has set his heart upon it, for he loves the boy."

"He can go to Dusseldorf and study with the best masters there," continued Frau Kramer, "and if it be decided that he has talent, and wishes to continue his studies, Herr Kramer and myself will furnish the funds to send him to Italy, to remain as long as he wishes."

It appeared to August, when he heard this message, that life offered a long vista of happiness for him. His parents had given glad consent, rejoicing that he had such an opportunity, and the next Saturday afternoon he and Samuel had much talk of, for it was decided that he was to go the following week to Dusseldorf.

Sometimes, during the autumns and winters, the sun had set too early, or was obscured by clouds, and they could not view the picture by its light. They then

placed the lamp where its rays could fall upon the loved scene. The church, too, was sometimes too cool for them to remain long, but they never failed to go, no matter how limited their stay.

But now it was the beautiful summer; the days were long and bright, and the rosy beams came through the stained glass window as upon the first day that August had seen the picture. And as ever, they sat upon the pulpit steps and conversed in subdued tones, as befitted the place. They could hear the rumbling of wheels in the street, the shouts of children at play, the swallows chattering in the tower, and August sat as if in thought, and his companion did not disturb him.

"Father Samuel," said he at length, "now that I am really going away, I cannot tell why it is that my heart is so heavy at times that I could weep; and yet I long to go; why is it?"

The old man laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder, and his eyes filled in tears of sympathy for him.

"My boy, that is the way with young hearts," he said. "When the door is opened into the world, when they must leave the old home for the new, when the future reaches out its hand to them, they at times draw back affrighted. Perhaps there is no one but feels this way; perhaps it is best for them that they should; I am sure it is, or it would not be. And, my boy, I must again warn you not to make your art your god. The very first hour that you looked upon that painting I saw the future artist. God forgive me if through me

you be tempted in the least measure to place any god between yourself and your Maker. Enjoy your art as a gift of God, but do not worship it. Perhaps, as this may be the last time that we will be together here, a reminiscence from my own life may be of use to you."

August lifted his head and looked eagerly upon the face of his old friend. "Yes, I would love to hear anything you choose to tell me," he said.

"Have you never wondered where my early life was spent?" asked Samuel, "never thought of my youth, and in what manner my days were passed before I grew so aged as to be unable to do anything except to attend to the clock?"

August shook his head; he had never thought of Samuel except as an old man.

"You may be surprised to know that I was once a soldier, an officer in the hussars; that my heart was filled with a longing for war and victory, that I fought under the banner of the great Frederick. I was in every fibre of my being, a soldier. There was no stream I would not cross, no height I would not venture to scale; I would have gone into the very jaws of death. We were in many battles, the ranks of our regiment were being thinned at times, but no thought of death ever came to me. I went to battle with the same buoyancy that I went to parade, and when I saw the long trenches in which were placed the bodies of my fallen comrades, the only thought that came to me was the wish to die a soldier's death, and fill a soldier's grave. I never con-

sidered that it was a serious thing to pass from time to eternity, and to stand in the presence of the Great Judge of the universe.

"The first event that called my attention to such thoughts, was having my horse shot under me, and I, following on foot, was struck by a ball, and fell wounded among the dead and dying, bleeding, and after a time, unconscious. When I revived, I found that it was night, and there was no moon to light the field of battle. Men and horses lay about me silent in death. I was weary and faint; the earth had revived me with its cool, moist breath, but I was parched with thirst. I heard a distant clock strike; it wanted an hour to midnight. Persons upon sick beds think the night long; but a wounded man upon a battle-field, without a physician, without help of any kind, is in a desolate position, and the hours seem unending.

"During that dreary night my whole life passed before me. I thought of my early home, of my father and mother, of my friends and acquaintances; and at length my Maker came into my thoughts. The prayers of my childhood came to my lips, my soul was lifted to my Heavenly Father for pity and help in that, the most trying time of my life. I was young and in robust health, yet in the early part of the night I had longed for death. Now the thought filled my mind that I was totally unprepared to enter the presence of my gracious and merciful but just God, and I prayed to live, that I might lead a better life.

"At length the long night was passed, it began to grow light, and I consoled myself with the thought that they would come to bury the dead, and carry the wounded to a place of safety. A few minutes after, I heard the tread of footsteps and the sound of voices, and raised my arm to let those whom I took to be friends know that I was alive and needed attention. But to my horror, I found that instead of my comrades, they were those wretched creatures who follow in the wake of a battle to rob the wounded and dead. Weak as I was, my warlike spirit was aroused, and I raised my sword to defend myself, when two of them rushed to me, and wrenched it from my hand.

" 'So you were going to show fight, were you?' exclaimed one of them angrily 'well, we will attend to you first, and as you will not need the fine uniform on the journey we are intending to send you, we will take charge of it!' They stripped me of the uniform of which I was so proud, not leaving even my boots.

" 'Now, Ulrich, you can finish him, and there will be one less traitor in the world,' said the man who had wrenched my sword from me.

"I thought my time had come, and in my anguish I cried: 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!'

"At that moment the morning bell from a distant church pealed out, and instantly the men took off their caps, their lips moving in prayer. I, too, was praying: 'Heavenly Father, be gracious to me, a sinner, for Thine is the kingdom; deliver me out of the hands of these

men, for Thine is the power; and if it is not Thy will that I shall live, take me to dwell with Thee forever, for Thine is the glory.' Before the last sound of the bell vibrated on the air, a party of hussars came riding at full speed toward us. The robbers fled like rabbits when the hounds are in pursuit, leaving their booty behind them, and with it, my uniform.

" 'Thanks to your good fortune that you are alive, comrade,' said a young officer throwing himself from his horse and kneeling beside me. 'We came in search of you, and reached here in the nick of time, or those wretches would have finished you.' He commanded his men to put some army blankets around me, and gently lift me into the ambulance, which came up at the moment, and I was taken to a hospital.

"My wounds would not have been dangerous had they been attended to immediately after I received them, but lacking that, and the injury done me by being moved so much, above all, my anxiety of mind, brought on a fever, and I lay for months upon a bed of sickness. I recovered, but was never able to be again upon a field of battle, so returned to my home. My ambition was to become a renowned soldier. I had made a god of war, and worshiped it as the stepping stone to greatness. But God has said: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' He brought me low, and out of a proud, high-spirited warrior, he made a clock-cleaner, but praise be to His holy Name, he has made at the same time a happy Christian."

The lesson Samuel wished to teach was given; his story was ended. They were silent for a time, then arose—August casting a long, last look upon the picture—and left the church. Samuel locked the door behind them, and each took his separate way to his humble but happy home.

(The end.)

